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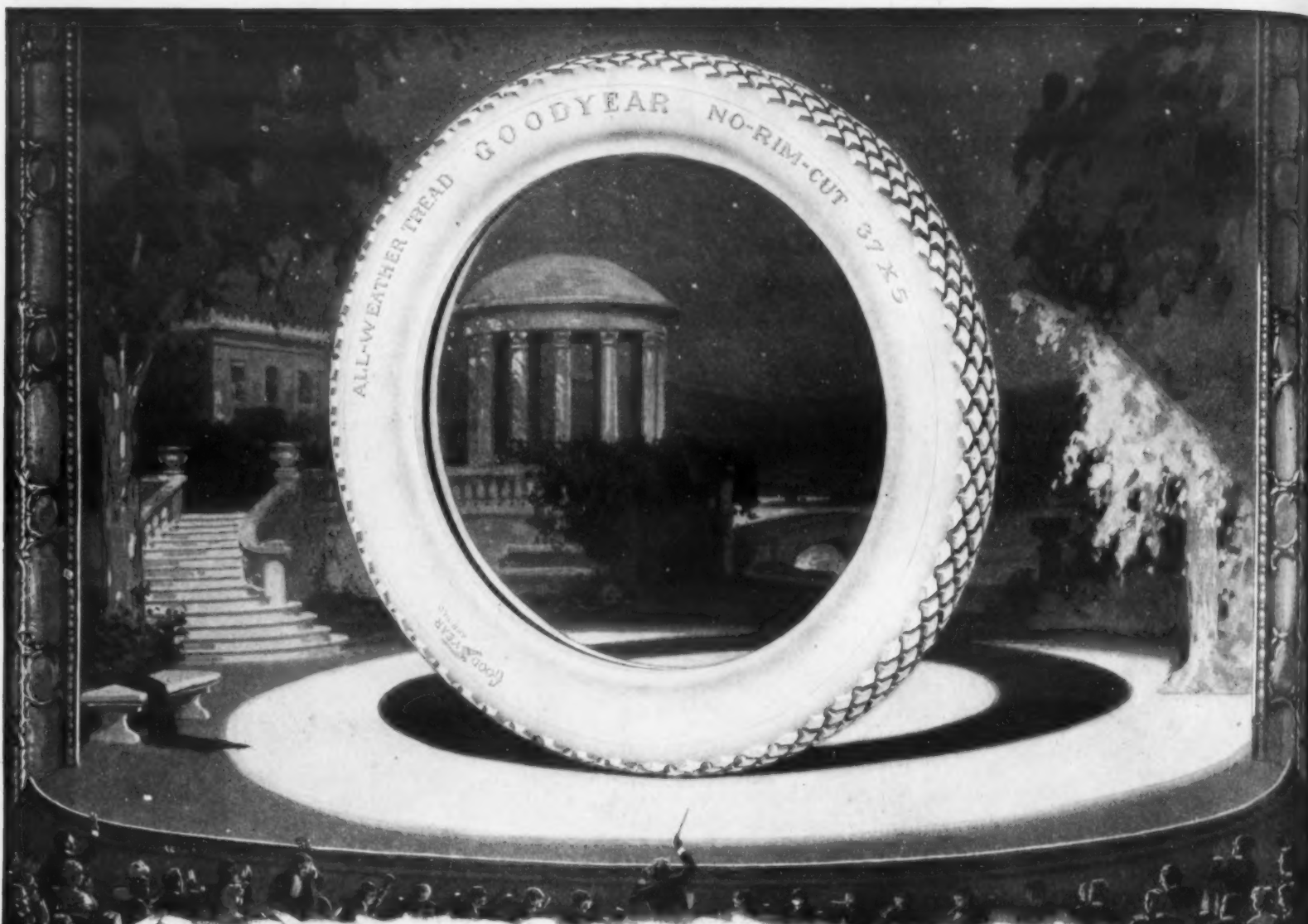
CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Dec. 12, 1914



The Truce of God

By Mary Roberts Rinehart



After 15 Years in the Spotlight Goodyears Play the Leading Role

No Other Tire Endorsed Like This

How can you know which tire excels—which has super-quality?

Not by looks, not by claims, not by vague impressions. And not by verdicts here and there. The surest guide is the vote of all Motordom, after years of experience with millions of tires.

That's why we cite Goodyear tire sales—largest in the world. And the Goodyear amazing gains. In the fiscal year just ended we sold nearly 1½ million pneumatic automobile tires.

That shows men's seasoned preference. They have tested these tires for 15 years, on hundreds of thousands of cars. It is evident that Goodyears have excelled, on the average, as safe, sturdy, enduring tires.

The Long, Hard Road

The road to this place has been long and hard and costly. Our research work alone has cost us \$100,000 yearly.

Costly materials, features and methods are needed for such a tire. One exclusive process—our "On-Air" cure—costs us \$450,000 yearly.

For years this high manufacturing cost was a handicap. Our No-Rim-Cut tires, in days of small output, were priced one-fifth higher than other standard tires. We had to prove them more than one-fifth better.

Four Major Savings

Our place was won, in large part, by these four exclusive features:

Our No-Rim-Cut feature—controlled by secrecy—which completely ends rim-cutting.

Our "On-Air" cure—used by us alone—which saves countless needless blow-outs.

Our rubber rivets—formed during vulcanization. This patent method reduces loose tread risk by 60 per cent.

All-Weather treads—tough and double-thick, flat and smooth-running, sharp-edged and resistless.

Let the Tires Tell

The tires will tell you what these things mean in safety and strength, less trouble, more mileage. Give them a chance—let them prove it.

Do it now, for this All-Weather tread means the ideal winter tire.

You will save in first cost, because our matchless production has brought prices down and down. You will save in last cost. You will save annoyance. How can you doubt this when Goodyear tires hold the place they hold?

Any dealer will supply you. If the wanted size is not in stock, he will get it from our nearest branch.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
AKRON, OHIO

GOOD YEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

San Diego Panama California Exposition

"Oh! Espana, como mi joven, corazon
por ti latia en tiempos pasados."

—Longfellow

"How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore?"

—Longfellow

California's Great Exposition

Celebrating the Opening of the Panama Canal California's Christmas Gift

IT is a big idea in gifts, and rather unusual, but one in which all the peoples of the world may participate; one which comes to a full realization on the stroke of midnight at New Year's Eve and lasts until another New Year's Eve in 1916.

The greater part of the United States and Canada—and if you insist, the northern hemisphere of the old world—is buried today under snow and ice, or soon will be. The song birds are gone, the flowers are gone, and the balmy days are gone.

But on the Pacific coast near old Mexico lies a city where the birds are singing, where roses are in bloom, and the oranges are ripe, where snow never comes in and where it is always June. This is San Diego, the mecca of those who wish comfort, health and happiness—it is the land where one truly lives.

To this land came Spanish sailors and Spanish soldiers and Spanish settlers in the centuries which have passed, and from their life sprang the traditions which still rule, their arts and architecture and romance. And in that Spanish atmosphere of mission and cathedral, of quiet patio and gay fiesta, has been built San Diego's Exposition Beautiful.

Five hundred miles to the north lies San Francisco, where, during the greater part of 1915, will be held another Exposition, also celebrating the opening of the Panama Canal, presenting to the world many features differing from the Exposition Beautiful—the two supplementing one another. When California celebrates, the Golden State's enthusiasm requires two outlets.

On up the coast and across the Rockies, in the deserts and forest, on the plains and in the valleys that fill the West, there are other sights which make all other lands commonplace.

This is the west of your country

It is a west in which you find a civilization that pre-dates that of prehistoric Egypt, a country far excelling those of the Mediterranean; it is the Great West of the Grand Canyon, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, the Painted Desert, the Great Trees; the Great West that is old, yet young, filled with the wonders of the world and with the romance of centuries. It is the West that you should see, and 1915 is the time for you to see it, when California with her two Expositions offers you the opportunity and special rates.

Throughout 1915, the San Diego Exposition Beautiful will be open, offering a gorgeous landscape of unchanging verdure, set with the flashing crimson and gold and purple of the Southwest coast, offering a dreamy renaissance of old Spain, with caballero and troubadour and senorita dwelling in the quaint balconies and plazas and patios of this magic city, with the canyons winding about the mesa, on which the Exposition stands, down to the sea a mile beyond, back to the lofty Sierras and the low hills of Mexico.

This is California's gift for 1915 for all the year. It cannot quite be delivered to your door Christmas morning, but your nearest ticket agent will tell you all about it.

**See that your ticket in 1915
reads San Diego**

Opens January first



1915 All the Year



Once the Christmas of Kings— Today the Christmas of Millions

Time was when a watch was the royal gift, crested with jewels and requiring a lifetime of careful labor to complete a single mechanism.

What of all her rich possessions did Queen Bess handle and consult so often as the watch which had been Lord Leicester's Christmas offering?

What today does the prince or princess of the American home make so constant a companion and so trusted a guide as a watch?

What of all things so happily fulfills the Christmas thought, combining hourly usefulness and beauty and sentiment and mystery?

The old masterpiece valued at so many thousands that all but royalty were excluded from possession, was not worth as much as a time-keeper as the Ingersoll Dollar Watch of today.

A watch is still the royal gift, yet the giving of a watch, once so rare a privilege because of its great cost, is yours today for little more than the cost of a pocket handkerchief.

So millions of homes on Christmas morning will be happier because of a great American invention which has come to full perfection in the newest models of the Ingersoll Watch.

No boy or girl, no man or woman can fail to find some welcome use for one of the five Ingersoll models.

Employers often buy them by the dozen as gifts to employees, teachers for each member of their classes.

Sold by 60,000 dealers in the United States.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Collier's

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THE TRUCE OF GOD

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

NOW the day of the birth of our Lord dawned that year gray and dreary, and a Saturday. But, despite the weather, in the town at the foot of the hill there was rejoicing, as befitted so great a festival. The day before a fat steer had been driven to the public square and there dressed and trussed for the roasting. The light of morning falling on his carcass revealed around it great heaps of fruits and vegetables. For the year had been prosperous. But the young overlord sulked in his castle at the cliff top and bit his nails. From Thursday evening of each week to the morning of Monday, the second day, Mother Church had decreed peace, a Truce of God. Three full days out of each week his men at arms polished their weapons and grew fat. Three full days out of each week his grudge against his cousin, Phillip of the Black Beard, must feed on itself.

His dark mood irritated the bishop of Tours, who had come to speak of certain scandalous things which had come to his ears. Charles heard him through.

"She took refuge with him," he said violently, when the bishop had finished. "She knew there was no friendship between us, yet she took refuge with him."

"The question is," said the bishop, "why she should have been driven to refuge, a gentle lady, a faithful wife—"

"Deus!" The young seigneur clapped a fist on the table. "You know well the reason. A barren woman!"

"She had born you a daughter."

But Charles was far gone in rage and out of hand. The bishop took his offended ears to bed and left him to sit alone by the dying fire with bitterness for company.

CAME into the courtyard at midnight the Christmas singers from the town—the blacksmith rolling a great bass, the crockery seller who sang falsetto, and a fool of the village who had slept overnight in a manger on the holy eve a year before and had brought from it, not wit, but a voice from heaven. A miracle of miracles.

The men at arms in the courtyard stood back to give the singers space. With eyes upturned, with full-throated vigor, and albeit a bit warily, with an anxious glance now and then toward those windows, beyond which the young lord sulked by the fire, they sang their choral, half in the Latin, half in the vulgar tongue, after the manner of chorals:

Lady, flower of all thing,

Rosa sine spina,

That bearest Jesus, Heaven-King,

Gracia Divina.

They sang to the frosty air. When neither money nor burning fagot was flung from the window they watched, they took their departure, relieved if anything.

In former years the lady of the castle had thrown them alms. But the gentle lady was gone, and the seigneur sat alone in the hall. With the dawn Charles the Fair took himself to bed. And to him, pattering barefoot along stone floors, came Clotilde, the child of his disappointment. "Are you asleep?" One arm under his head, he looked at her without answer. "It is the anniversary of the birth of our Lord," she ventured. "To-day He is born. I thought—" She put out a small, very cold hand. But he turned his head away.

miracle perhaps, a softening of the lord her father, so that she might ask of him a Christmas boon. The bishop had said that Christmas miracles were often wrought, and she herself knew that this was true. Had not the fool secured his voice, so that he who had been but lightly held became the village troubadour, and slept warm and full at night? She had gone to the bishop with this the night before.

"Back to your bed," he said shortly. "Where is your nurse, to permit this?"

The child's face fell. Something she had expected, some castle shadowed the bishop's eyes.

"If I should lie in a manger all night," she said, standing with her feet well apart and looking up at him, "would I become a boy?"

The bishop tugged at his beard. "A boy, little maid! Would you give up your blue eyes and your soft skin to be a roistering lad?"

"My father wishes for a son," she had replied. And the cloud that was over the castle shadowed the bishop's eyes.

"It would not be well," he advised her, "to tamper with the works of the Almighty. Pray rather for this miracle, that your father's heart be turned toward you and toward the lady, your mother."

So during much of the night she had asked this boon steadfastly. But clearly she had not been heard.

"Back to your bed!" said her father, and turned his face away.

SO SHE went as far as the leather curtain which hung in the doorway and there she turned.

"Why do they sing?" she had asked the bishop, of the blacksmith and the others, and he had replied into his beard: "To soften the hard of heart."

So she turned in the doorway and sang in her reedy little voice, much thinned by the cold, sang to soften her young father's heart:

Lady, flower of all thing,

Rosa sine spina,

That bearest Jesus, Heaven-King,

Gracia Divina.

But the song failed. Perhaps it was the wrong hour, or perhaps it was because she had not slept in the manger and brought forth the gift of voice.

"Blood of the martyrs!" shouted her father, and raised himself on his elbow. "Are you mad? Get back to your bed. I shall have a word with some one for this." Whether it had softened him or not, it had stirred him, so she made her plea.

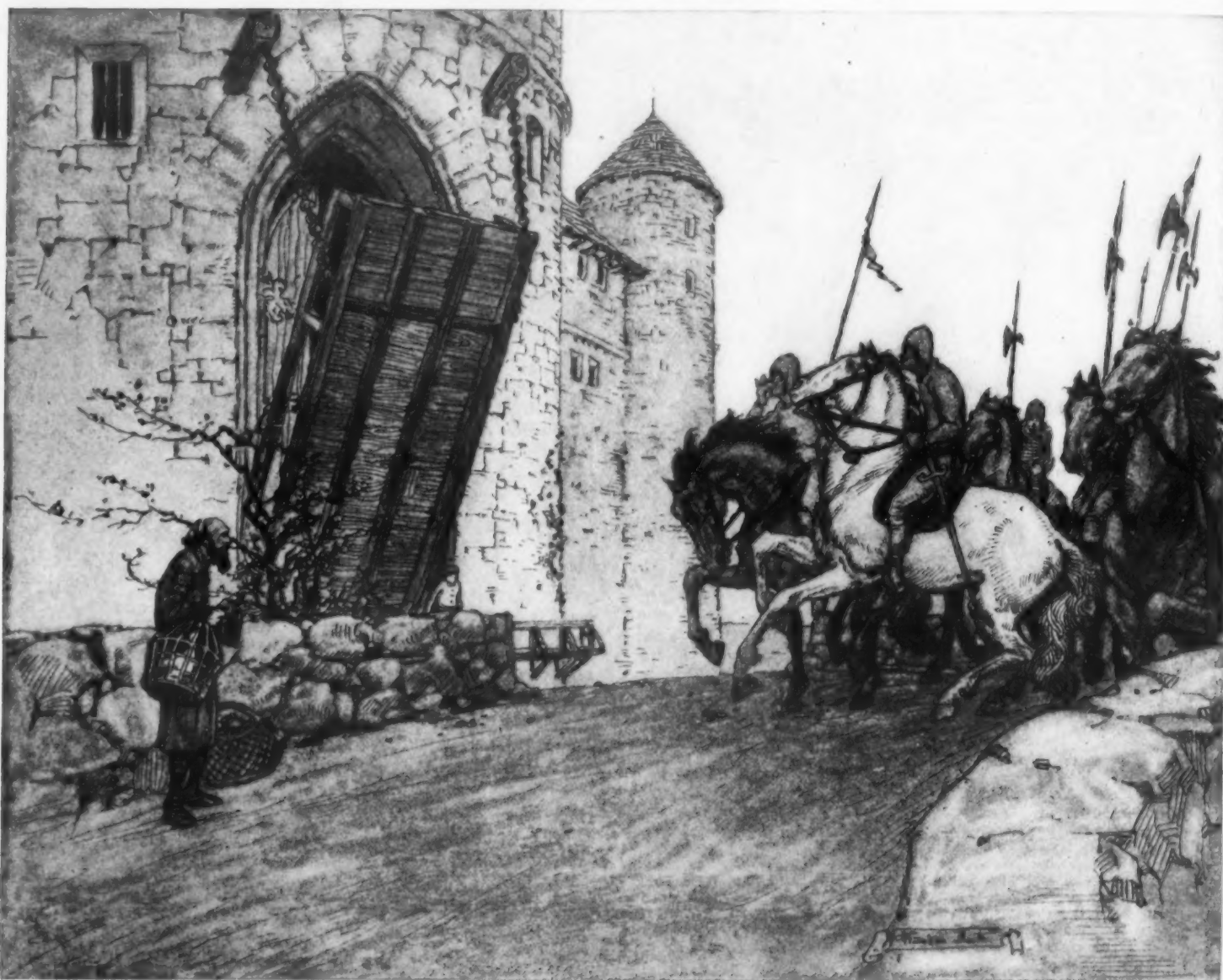
"It is His birthday. I want to see my mother."

Then she ducked under the curtain and ran as fast as she could back to where she belonged. Terror winged her feet. She had spoken a forbidden word.

All sleep was gone from Charles the Fair. He lay on his elbow in his bed and thought of things that he wished to forget, of the wife he had put away because in eight years she had borne him no son, of his great lands that would go to his cousin Phillip of the Black Beard, whom he hated, of girls in the plain who wooed him with soft eyes and whom he passed by, of a Jew who lay in a dungeon below the castle because of usury and other things. After a time he slept again, but lightly, for the sun came in through the deep, unshaded window and fell



He took her before him on the gray horse and they set off, two valiant adventurers, a troubadour and a lady, without food or sufficient clothing, but with high courage and a song



As he had expected, at ten o'clock in the morning came Charles and six men at arms, riding like demons, and jerked up their horses at the edge of the moat. "Truce of God," he said sulkily. And then: "We seek a runaway, the child Clotilde"

on his face and on the rushes that covered the floor. And in his sleep the grimness was gone and the pride. And his mouth, which was sad, contended with the firmness of his chin.

Clotilde went back to her bed and tucked her feet under her to warm them. In the next room her nurse lay on a bed asleep, with her mouth open; outside in the stone corridor a page slept on a skin, with a corner over him against the draft.

She thought things over while she warmed her feet. It was clear that singing did not soften all hearts. Perhaps she did not sing very well. But the bishop had said that after one had done a good act one might pray with hope. She decided to do a good act and then to pray to see her mother; she would pray also to become a boy so that her father might care for her. But the bishop considered it a little late for such a prayer.

She made terms with the Almighty, sitting on her bed. "I shall do a good act," she said, "on this the birthday of Thy Son, and after that I shall ask for the thing Thou knowest of."

After much thinking, she decided to free the Jew. And being, after all, her father's own child, she acted at once.

It was a matter of many cold stone steps and much fumbling with bars. But Guillem, the jailer, had crept up to the hall and lay sleeping by the fire, with a dozen dogs about him. It was the time of the Truce of God, and vigilance was relaxed. Also Guillem was in love with a girl of the village and there was talk that the seigneur, in his loneliness, had seen that she was beautiful. So Guillem slept to forget, and the Jew lay awake because of rats and anxiety.

The Jew rose from the floor when Clotilde threw the grating open, and blinked at her with weary and gentle eyes.

"It is the birthday of our Lord," said Clotilde, "and I am doing a good deed so that I may see my mother again. But go quickly." Then she remembered something the bishop had said to her, and eyed him thoughtfully as he stared at her.

"But you do not love our Lord!" The Jew put out his foot quietly

so that she could not close the grating again. But he smiled into her eyes.

"Your Lord was a Jew," he said.

This reassured her. It seemed to double the quality of mercy. She threw the door wide and the usurer went out cautiously, as if suspecting a trap. But patches of sunlight, barred with black, showed the way clear. He should have gone at once, but he waited to give her the blessing of his people. Even then, having started, he went back to her. She looked so small in that fearsome place.

"If there is something you wish, little maid, and I can secure it for you—"

"I wish but two things," she said. "I wish to be a boy, only I fear it is too late for that. The bishop thinks so. And I wish to see my mother."

And these being beyond his gift, and not contained in the pack he had fastened to his shoulders, he only shook his head and took his cautious way toward freedom.

Having tried song and a good deed, Clotilde went back again to her room, stepping over the page, who had curled himself up in a ball, like a puppy, and still slept. She crossed her hands on her breast and raised her eyes as she had been taught.

"Now, O Lord," she said, "I have tried song and I have tried a good deed. I wish to see my mother."

Perhaps it was merely coincidence that the level rays of the morning sun just then fell on the crucifix that hung on the wall, and that, although during all the year it seemed to be but of wood with closed eyes, now it flashed as with life and the eyes were open.

"He was one of your people," she said to the crucifix, "and by now he is down the hill."

NOW, it was the custom on the morning of the holy day for the seigneur to ride his finest stallion to the top of the hill, where led a steep road down into the town. There he dismounted, surrounded by his people, guests and soldiers, smaller visiting nobility, the household of the castle. And the stage being set, as it were, and the village waiting below, it was his pleasure to give his charger a great cut with the whip and send him galloping, unriden, down the hill. The horse was his who caught it.

Below waited the villagers, divided between

terror and cupidity. Above waited the castle folk. It was an amusing game for those who stood safely along the parapet and watched, one that convulsed them with merriment. Also, it improved the quality of those horses that grazed in the plain below.

This year it was a great gray that carried Charles out to the road that clung to the face of the cliff. Behind him on a donkey, reminder of the humble beast that had borne the Christ into Jerusalem, rode the bishop. Saddled and bridled was the gray, with a fierce head and great shoulders, a strong beast for strong days.

THE men at arms were drawn up in a double line, weapons at rest. From the square below rose a thin, gray smoke where the fire kindled for the steer. But the crowd had deserted and now stood, eyes upraised to the castle; boys and men ready for their desperate emprise, clad in such protection of leather as they could afford against the stallion's hoofs.

Two people stood by the steer—an aged man, almost blind, who tended the fire, and the girl Joan, whom Guillem slept to forget.

"The seigneur has ridden out of the gates, father," she said. Her color mounted to her dark cheeks. She was tall and slender, unlike the peasant girls of the town almost noble in her bearing, a rare flower that Charles, in his rage and disappointment, would pick for himself.

"And were you not undutiful," he mumbled, "you would be with him now and looking down on this rabble." She did not reply at once. Her eyes were fixed on the frowning castle, on the grim double line of men at arms, on the massive horse and its massive rider.

"I, too, should be up there," whined the old man. "To-day, instead of delivering Christmas dues, I should be receiving them. But you—" he turned on her malevolently—"you must turn great ox eyes toward Guillem, whose most courageous work it is to levy tribute of a dungeon!"

She flushed. "I am afraid, father. He is a hard man." "He is gentle with women."

"Gentle!" Her eyes were still upraised. "He knows not the word. When he looks at me there is no liking in his eyes. I—I am afraid."

The overlord sat astride his great horse and surveyed the plain below. As far as he could see, and as far again



in every direction was his domain, paying him tithe of fat cattle and heaping granaries. As far as he could see and as far again was the domain that, lacking a man child, would go to Philip, his cousin.

The bishop, who rode his donkey without a saddle, slipped off and stood beside the little beast on the road. His finger absently traced the dark cross on its back.

"Idiots!" snarled the overlord, out of his distemper, as he looked down into the faces of his faithful ones below. "Fools and sons of fools! Thy beast would suit them better, bishop, than mine."

Then he flung himself insolently out of the saddle. There was little of Christmas in his heart, God knows: only hate and disappointment and thwarted pride.

"A great day, my lord," said the bishop. "Peace over the land. The end of a plentiful year—"

"Bah!"

"The end of a plentiful year," repeated the bishop tranquilly, "this day of His birth, a day of thanksgiving and of—good will."

"Bah!" said the overlord again, and struck the gray a heavy blow. So massive was the beast, so terrific the pace at which it charged down the hill, that the villagers scattered. He watched them with his lip curling.

"See," he said, "brave men and true! Watch, father, how they rally to the charge!" And when the creature was caught and a swaying figure clung to the bridle: "By the cross, the fool has him! A fine heritage for my cousin Philip, a village with its bravest man a simpleton!"

The fool held on, swinging. His arms were very strong, and as is the way with fools and those that drown, many things went through his mind. The horse was his. He would go adventuring along the winter roads, adventuring and singing. The townspeople gathered about him with sheepish praise. From a dolt he had become a hero. Many have taken the same step in the same space of moments, the line being but a line and easy to cross.

The dénouement suited the grim mood of the overlord. It pleased him to see the smug villagers stand by while the fool mounted his steed. Side by side from the parapet he and the bishop looked down into the town.

"The birthday of our Lord, bishop," he said, "with fools on blooded horses and the courage of the townspeople in their stomachs."

"The birthday of our Lord," said the bishop tranquilly, "with a lad mounted who has heretofore trudged afoot, and with the hungry fed in the market place."

Now, it had been in the mind of the bishop that the day would soften Charles's grim humor and that he might speak to him as man to man. But Charles was not softened.

So the bishop gathered up his courage. His hand was still on the cross on the donkey's back.

"You are young, my son, and have been grievously disappointed. I, who am old, have seen many things, and this I have learned:

"Two things there are that, next to the love of God, must be greatest in a man's life—not war, nor slothful peace, nor pride, nor yet a will that would bend all things to its end."

THE overlord scowled. He had found the girl Joan in the market square, and his eyes were on her.

"One," said the bishop, "is the love of a woman. The other is—a child."

The donkey stood meekly, with hanging head.

"A woman," repeated the bishop. "You grow rough up here on your hillside. Only a few months since the lady, your wife, went away, and already order has forsaken you. The child, your daughter, runs like a wild thing, without control. Our Holy Church deplores these things."

"Will Holy Church grant me another wife?"

"Holy Church," replied the bishop gravely, "would have you take back, my lord, the wife whom your harshness drove away."

The seigneur's gaze had been bent to the east, where lay the castle of Philip, his cousin. Now he dropped brooding eyes to the square below, where the girl Joan assisted her father by the fire and moved like a mother of kings.

"You wish a woman for the castle, father," he said. "Then a woman we shall have. Holy Church may not give me another wife, but I shall take one. And I shall have a son."

The child Clotilde had watched it all from a window. Because she was very high, the thing she saw most plainly was the cross on the donkey's back. Far out over the plain was a moving figure, which might or might not have been the Jew. She chose to think it was.

"One of your people," she said toward the crucifix. "I have done the good deed."

She was a little frightened, for all her high head.

Other Christmases she and the lady, her mother, had sat hand in hand and listened to the roistering.

"They are drunk," Clotilde would say.

But her mother would stroke her hand and reply: "They but rejoice that our Lord is born."

So the child Clotilde stood at her window and gazed over the plain as far as she could see and as far again. And there was her mother. She would go to her and bring her back, or, perhaps, failing that, she might be allowed to stay.

Here no one would miss her. The odor of cooking food filled the great house, loud laughter, the clatter of mug on board. Her old nurse was below, decorating a boar's head with berries and a crown.

Because it was the Truce of God and a festival, the gates stood open. She reached the foot of the hill safely. Stragglers going up and down the steep way regarded her without suspicion. So she went through the square, past the roasting steer, and by a twisting street into the open country.

When she stopped to rest, it was to look back with wistful eyes toward the frowning castle on the cliff. For a divided allegiance was hers. Passionately as she loved her mother, her indomitable spirit was her father's heritage, his fierceness was her courage, and she loved him as the small may love the great.



The fool found her at the edge of the river. She had forgotten that there was a river. He was on his great horse, and he rode up by the child and looked down at her.

"It was I who captured him," he boasted. "The others ran, but I caught him, so." He dismounted to illustrate.

"It is not because you were brave that you captured him."

"Then why?" He stood with his feet wide apart, looking down at her.

"It is because you have slept in a manger on a Holy Eve."

"Aye," he responded, "but that was a matter of courage, too. There were many strange noises. Also, in the middle of the night came our Lady herself and said to me: 'Thou shalt sing with the voice of an angel.'"

"I should like to see our Lady," said the child wistfully.

"Also," pursued the fool, "she gave me power over great beasts. See! He fears me while he loves me."

And, indeed, there seemed some curious kinship between the horse and the lad, perhaps because the barrier of keen mind was not between them.

"Think you," said the little maid, "if I slept where you did she would appear to me? I would not ask much, only to be made a lad like you, and, perhaps, to sing."

"But I am a simpleton. Instead of wit, I have but a voice, and now—a horse."

"A lad like you," she persisted, "so that my father would love me and my mother might come back again?"

"Better stay as you are," said the fool. "Anyhow, there will be no Holy Eve again for a long time. It comes but once a year."

"Also, it is hard times for men, who must either fight or work in the fields. I—he struck his chest—"I shall do neither. And I shall cut no more wood. I go adventuring."

Clotilde rose and drew her gray cloak around her.

"I am adventuring, too," she said. "Only I have no voice and no horse. May I go with you?"

The boy was doubtful. He had that innate love and tenderness that is given to his kind instead of other things. But a child!

"I will take you," he said at last, rather heavily. "But where, little lady?"

"To my mother at the castle of Black Philip." And when his face fell—for Philip was not named The Black only for his beard:

"She loves singing. I will ask you to sing before her."

That decided him. He took her before him on the gray horse, and they set off, two valiant adventurers, a troubadour and a lady, without food or sufficient clothing, but with high courage and a song.

And because it was the Truce of God the children went unharmed, encountering no greater adventure than hunger and cold and aching muscles. Robbers sulked in their fastnesses, and their horses pawed the ground. Murder, rapine, and pillage slept that Christmas Day under the white flag.

The fool, who ached for adventure, rather resented the peace.

"Wait until Monday," he said from behind her on the horse. "I shall show you great things."

BUT the little maid was cold by that time and beginning to be frightened. "Monday you may fight," she said. "Now I wish you would sing."

So he sang until his voice cracked in his throat. Because it was Christmas, and because it was freshest in his heart, he sang mostly what he and the blacksmith and the crockery seller had sung in the castle yard:

*Lady, flower of all thing,
Rosa sine spina,
That bearest Jesus, Heaven-King,
Gracia Divina.*

They lay that night in a ruined barn with a roof of earth and stones. Clotilde eyed the manger wistfully, but the Holy Eve was past, and the day of miracles would not come for a year.

Toward morning, however, she roused the boy with a touch.

"She may have forgotten me," she said. "She has (Continued on page 29)



He went straight to his wife's bed and dropped on his knees beside it. Not for his life could he have spoken then. Inarticulate things were in his mind, remorse and the loneliness of the last months and shame

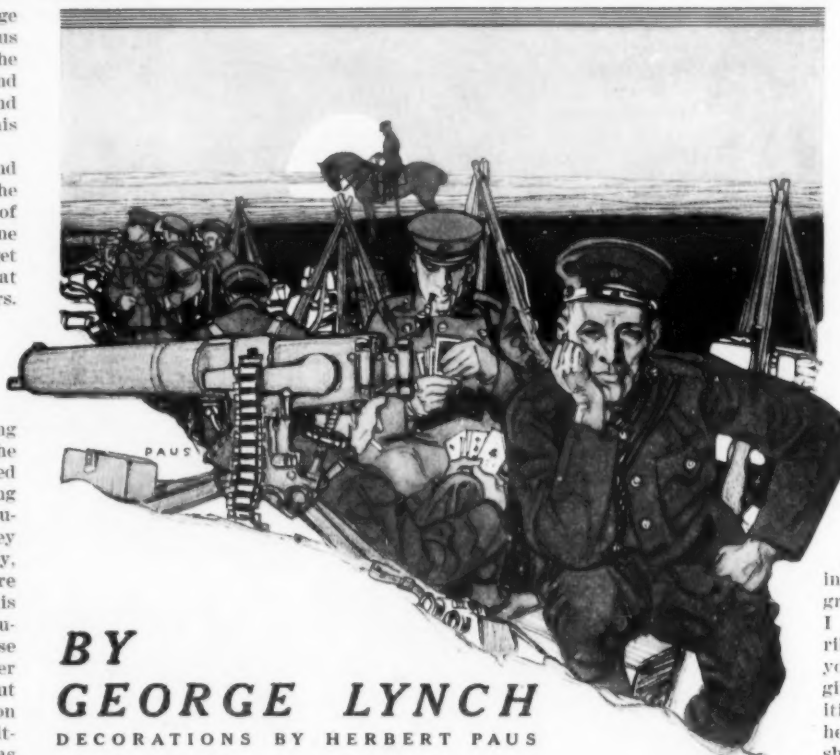
THE WORK OF WAR

Waiting in the Trenches

FROM the time war is declared until the campaign ends, what is the thing that occupies, envelops, annoys, and depresses the average soldier most? What is the monstrous daily ration of his life? What is the thing he restlessly resents at first and then finds that he has to endure and finally put up with? It is just this thing: *Waiting*.

The ordinary newspaper reader and that recently war-born world bore, the fireside strategist, think that the life of the ordinary campaigning soldier is one of constant excitement. They forget that it is only the exciting portions that are dealt with in their newspapers. There are plenty of such times and incidents during this war, goodness knows—but to the ordinary Tommy such vivid hours pass like minutes. Before and in between and behind come the long, long waits, magnified enormously beyond the actual time. Will we never be ordered abroad? Why this delay in our being ordered off?—are they not wanting thousands more at the front? And here they keep us, as day after day passes by, drilling and preparing for a departure that never appears to depart. This was and is the case with many thousands of our fellows and is the case with hundreds of thousands of eager volunteers on the Continent now. But when one wanders through miles on miles of far-flung battle front, the waiting, waiting appears to become quite as much apparent and almost universal. My day to-day, for instance, may be taken as a fair sample of many days. After a visit to the nearest headquarters the first thing one comes on in the rear fringe of front are idle ambulance corps—waiting. I have even heard members grumbling because they have been a long time idle and have no wounded now to deal with; the very last were all disposed of the day before yesterday. But that was a volunteer corps full of fresh enthusiasm.

The doctors will often tell you in confidence that this whole ambulance thing is being overdone—another case of a profession being oversupplied with members. This is one case, however, in which we do not hear of the unfairness of German competition. Then drawn up alongside of the road are a lot of reserve ammunition wagons. The drivers are lying on the grass under the double row of trees smoking and waiting, hour after hour, day after day. A peasant comes along with his little cart drawn by a dog and hitches the dog to the gate, a few feet away from the leaders of an ammunition wagon. The horse, bored from long waiting, sniffs at the dog investigatively. The dog regards him with scornful disdain. He says as plain as any dog can say: "What are you getting at, you lumbering brute? Here I am drawing my cart all by myself, and it takes four of you big chaps to draw yours." The big, patient-looking fellow stupidly continues to investigate, however, regardless of warning growls. Finally the dog, exasperated, springs at him, regardless of little cart and harness, and catches him by the nose. The affrighted horse backs on his haunches and rears, his companions sympathize in his fright, drivers dash to hold their horses and detach the dog, general turmoil for a few minutes to the huge enjoyment of the onlooking men, for even a little incident like this goes to relieve the monotony of their waiting. A little way on I come on a line of trenches on the left bank of the Scheldt lined with men. The word lined is perhaps



BY
GEORGE LYNCH
DECORATIONS BY HERBERT PAUS

not accurate; most of them are lying on the grass close by. The spot of liveliest activity is where, down in the trench, four men are playing a game with very dirty and well-worn cards—others looking on. A young officer, after inquiring for news of the outer world, says that they have been occupying this position since almost the outbreak of the war, now in its fifty-ninth year (day, I corrected him), and they have seen and fired at Germans only twice.

At the Hotel Balthazzar

I JOURNEYED along toward Grimbergen, for a long time past a storm center of activity, with its intermittent bridge to Termonde so many times destroyed and rebuilt. Even here there was nothing doing, but I was warned to be very careful. The remark was almost accurately punctuated by a warning crack from a sniping rifle across the river. My transit across the exposed road that had only yesterday been swept by a mitrailleuse was rapid. I had to crawl across a field as much as possible under cover of a solitary house on the river bank to reach the trenches there, where I had slept a couple of weeks before. The only occupant of the field was a horse, badly wounded in his off hind leg, that had been turned loose there in the still luxuriant grass. He cocked his ears and then began to limp toward me. Much as I love horses, it was no place or time to wait and talk to him. Our friends in the trenches were still waiting there, but there had been a little less monotony about their stay. Every day something on—night attacks, daily sniping; some days it looked as if the enemy wished to rush the bridge (under the remaining iron portion of which

about a ton of electrically connected dynamite is waiting for them. "What ho, censor!").

This was the place where it was good fun to wait, and the boys in the trenches were enjoying it. Then back to the station, a quarter of a mile away, which had been badly shelled since my last visit, and a little way farther on to see my friends that kept a tiny pub with a spare room for visitors, in which we dined several times and slept once. Having been six times round this hotel-dotted world, I may claim to speak, with a certain amount of experience, and this, the Hotel Balthazzar, I would hold up as a model in many respects. There was a cordial greeting, to begin with, from Madame B., glad to welcome a guest, and even in this time of war the best was the guest's; but he was made one of the family, three generations of which were housed under that roof. One granny was the only dismal member, aged eighty-seven, but still healthy. Her place was always next the stove in the inner room, where she sat with arms crossed and gently swaying at intervals and emitting an occasional groan with an ejaculation in Flemish which I would swear was the equivalent of "Terrible times, terrible times!" Janette, the younger sister of the hostess, a very pretty girl, was beloved and adored by all the visiting soldiers and was having the time of her life; and then there were the four kids, shy and gentle little people. The first day I went there, after Madame had given Balthazzar money from the till, he went out in a successful quest of a beefsteak which proved equal to the best that the Savoy or Waldorf could supply. It was so large that I had to get three soldier friends to share it with me. The bedroom was spotlessly clean, with rough linen sheets on the bed. My bill was as follows:

Beefsteak	1.25	francs
Bed	1.00	"
Undecipherable item	1.00	"
Schnapps	20	"
Beer	10	"
Total	3.55	"

Surely a modest hotel bill, and this in time of war, with fighting half a mile away. Madame would come round and put us on the back and ask if the beefsteak was all right, as it was—perfect—and we shook hands all round before being lighted to our room. That was our latest recollection of the Hotel Balthazzar. But now, on revisiting it, the sign over the door was still there, but in place of bright-colored windows there were planks instead in some and a fringe of broken glass around the sashes in others. Pushing open the door, there was madame busy by the cooking stove, still intact and ready still with a cheery greeting. But in what ruin was what had been that cozy little home! All the tiled floor, erstwhile kept so spotless, was littered with broken glass. Even the glass case covering a stuffed bird surrounded with wax flowers was broken—all by a shell that had burst just outside the door. I asked after granny; she had been moved that very morning. What had madame got to give a guest to eat? Two eggs she held out triumphantly, and laughed, and some bread and cheese.

Another beefsteak? Mr. B. would go out and try and get one with the five-franc piece I handed him. She told



me the street had been shelled since we had been there last, and now they were told by an officer that they had better leave, as there might be more shelling that afternoon. While I waited, bundles already prepared were being placed on a big wheelbarrow cart standing outside. "But, monsieur, we don't like to leave our home till we have to," she said. "Anyhow, we will come back again soon." What a wonderfully cheerful lot of people they are! Granny and the rest were only going to relatives at Zele for security (and a few moments before I am writing these very words I hear there has been a desperate panic in Zele because the little town is being shelled).

The Supreme Courage

OUR host came back despondent—no beefsteak obtainable, because the only butcher had already fled. A rattle of rifle fire made us all think this detail unimportant. I took some bread and cheese, and the rest, with the eggs, were put in a cigar box and on to the barrow. They locked the door of their little home and stood before it, while I took a snapshot of them and then started away—away from the Huns to Zele. They went away cheerfully, expecting to return when the war storm would have passed away. They could hardly have been a quarter of a mile away when a German shell dropped in their street. I wonder if their house is standing now. Being told that there were some Belgian batteries near by, I got a man to show me where they were. He left me at the end of a country lane and said they were right ahead about five hundred meters off. I was beginning to doubt him when I came on the horses—waiting—waiting under a long bower of branches by the wayside, carefully constructed to conceal them from aeroplanes, but as so much tissue paper against shrapnel.

Now, if you want to know what is the supreme showing of courage in war, it is that called for and shown by the field artillery riders. The guns are unlimbered in position and start into action at once, or wait. In either case the horses and their riders have to wait close by.

If they are not under fire already—as when I first saw our gunners race into action at Elandslaagte—they have to wait until probably the opening of fire by the battery brings them under the enemy's fire.

Now the point is, the men serving the guns are occupied, busy—desperately, absorbingly busy; but for the riders there is to wait and look on—to wait and see themselves being shot at.

Through the eager field glasses of the enemy's gunners that they know are scanning them, they are more observable than the guns themselves—they and that bunch of horses of theirs. Yet they must not, and they dare not, and they do not, move. This is valor supreme.

They hold their horses' bridles in their hands—and wait.

The clash and struggle of personal conflict is not theirs, not theirs the intoxicating delight of a glorious charge, culminating and revenged after any punishment in saber slash or venomously satisfying lance thrust. Good old bank-holiday coconuts! A little farther on were the guns, almost completely covered by cut branches, and were placed under a row of trees.

The gunners were lying around basking in the afternoon sun or on the straw, under improvised little huts of branches, for the battery had been occupying that position for many days. It was about a quarter of a mile from the Belgian trenches on the west bank of the Scheldt.

Some message came in on the telephone stationed directly behind the battery. Then an officer rode in on an extremely good-looking horse, which he told me had come from Ireland.

A Hose of Hail from Krupp's

HE and the telephone gave an interesting story. Two Belgian soldiers had been captured the previous day and had just now managed to escape and rejoin their lines. They told headquarters that a German regiment were coming along on the other side of the river, and indicated the exact place so accurately that their location on the maps that show every three-acre field could be definitely fixed. An order rang out from the commandant: instantly the men were alert at their posts. He called out the direction and range. The points of the shrapnel shells were carefully set as one would set the hands of a clock.

"Attention!" "Fire!" Bang! bang! bang! bang! went the four guns in rapid succession. The blue smoke from each was little more than enough to envelop the covering branches for a few seconds.

From the commandant, standing next the telephone man, came the order: "Fifty meters more—general connection!" and the elevation of the guns was altered and the shell points infinitesimally moved.

"Fire!" and again the noisy litany started and the neighboring batteries joined in. We could hear our shrapnel bursting, but not even see them. Then the German batteries on the other side started to reply in single shots, groping and searching to locate us. Why does not some one invent an accurate sound finder? Several dropped behind us, one just in front, and they seemed coming near at one time, but they were quite astray on the whole. Not a man in the three batteries was touched, but two of the riders waiting with the horses were wounded by shrapnel. Poor coconuts! It is a funny game firing at a man on the other side of the hill in this flat country where there is no hill, and there might be a big one for all one can see of him. There was no aeroplane up. One of the principal features of this war for novel development is the splendid way the Germans have worked with massed artillery in sweeping all before them for the safe advance of their infantry.

Anyone accustomed to returning homeward along Regent Street, Oxford Street, or the like in the early hours of the morning after leaving a dance or a night club or the House of Commons or any such place of late dissipation, will be familiar with the way in which these streets get their morning wash. Now imagine a line of firemen, shoulder to shoulder across the top of Regent Street, everyone with the nozzle of a water-main pipe in his hand held at the highest effectual elevation. Then imagine every drop of water falling away in front on the pavement to be a shrapnel bullet, and underneath the water arch, close to, but clear of the nozzles, a line of men advancing, and then you have an idea of the method of advance of the German armies. There has never been such a demon-

racking business it has been. The first time that the German artillery has been seriously and disastrously tackled was at the great battle along the coast, still going on as I write. Over the low sand dunes along the coast between Ostend and Dunkirk the ships' guns were enabled to enfilade and destroy as well as, of course, completely outrange the German fire. Up to then the outranging was all the other way. We have not yet learned what the actual damage inflicted has been, but, only for the action of the fleet, in all probability by this time the Germans would have been in possession of the great stretch of coast, which would have put us in the position of waiting for raids on the shores of England at any moment.

Cave Dwellers, 1914

BUT for the soldiers the real period of long waiting begins when the men commence to intern themselves in the trenches. The second chapter of this great war is the entrenched part. The first part was the violent advance of the Germans. This advance was held almost momentarily by the Liege forts and by the men who fought so valiantly around them. No one thought that the German advance would have been held up as it was, and it upset their calculations enormously. But then when the flood stream of advance had eddied and swirled past these crumbling rocks, the army of great invasion swept on across Belgium and Luxemburg within cannon noise of Paris.

Then the advance was stopped and was held and driven back a little way, and the two great opposing forces, finding an equipoise, had to dig themselves in. This has been, is, and will be, a war of artillery. The Germans expected, and have got, great results from their massed artillery, but just not quite as much as they expected. After the men on the far-flung battle line on either side had got themselves nestled into trenches, things began to be pretty snug.

Everyone knows and loves the sensation of being in a secure little house when the stormy winds do blow. Say on the seacoast baid or on a nestling cliff: is there anything more gratifying and comforting than to listen to the storm roaring and whistling against the vibrating and trembling roof and walls or to hearken to the wind that makes the ruddy fire embers glow at the base of the wide-gauge chimney?

Instead of hailstones or slashed rain-drops, shrapnel or rifle bullets may rain on the roofs of the covered trenches, but the men rest therein secure and only to hold these lines and wait.

Three inches of a long horizontal slit is the aperture through which they may observe, watch, or shoot their foe. Then the trench begins to become a residence. The furnishing of this residence immediately becomes a very important matter. It will be a very lucky thing for the occupants if there is a supply of fresh hay or straw available in the immediate vicinity, as either makes all the difference in upholstering and padding up the interior for the comfort of the occupants.

The character, habits, and temperament of the men soon become very apparent in

the appearance of the abodes of these modern cave dwellers. The natty, tidy, careful fellows soon have their section of the trenches almost like a navy man's cabin, while the slack and slovenly ones settle down to pig it—just anyhow.

There are very few of these latter, however, but one cannot generalize about an army. An army is made up of many regiments, and the impression that one would get from intimate intercourse with one regiment must be corrected by that of others. How often have I heard during the last six weeks people laying down the law and dogmatizing about the merits of certain troops, and then when questioned as to the basis of their opinions we find that they are all grounded on what they saw of one particular lot of men, and probably under unusual conditions at that.

Of Ennui—the Enemy

WHEN the serious part of the digging in is accomplished, and all his been done possible to make the abode of the cave dwellers secure for a probable long wait, it is often amusing to observe the stock taking that is gone through as to what resources are available to pass the idle hours before them.

Has anybody bought a pack of cards? Although not mentioned in the long list of regulation equipment, one is often found more valuable than some of the items that are.

Some very grimy and well-worn packs I have seen, with the corners well rounded from hard use, yet they have helped to pass by days which would otherwise have been ones of dismal boredom. Then if the particular trench is lucky in having any fellows that have brought a novel or a book of any kind, it hardly matters what. An occasional news- (Concluded on page 28)



"It is a funny man on the other side of the hill in this flat country where

game firing at a side of the hill in there is no hill"

stration of the effect of massed artillery since the invention of gunpowder. This is the feature, more than any other, which contributed to the success of the German advance.

It was terrible and magnificent. Every park of artillery might have been a nozzle of a hose pipe leading from Krupp's.

The factor next in importance to the action of their massed artillery was the great siege guns, the existence of which had been so carefully concealed. I have often heard the question asked as to what our Intelligence Department was worth not to have found out all about them, but I think Britishers make very poor spies. Possibly the Japanese Intelligence Department is better. These naturally inquisitive, observant, and very industrious little men worm their way into finding out about most things, either industrial or military secrets, yet one of their naval attachés, who was for two years in Germany, could find out no particulars about these siege guns. All they got at were vague and mysterious rumors of their existence, and that was all. As a matter of fact, even high up officers of the German army knew nothing about them—the knowledge of their existence being confined to a few individual officers and to a certain number of the most trusted employees in Krupp's. When at length they were brought forth to be used for the first time in actual warfare at Liege and Namur, it was a corps of Krupp's men that went out with them to see them placed in position and put into action; in the case of the Namur forts, it was the submanager of Krupp's himself.

There are no men who have been called upon to do more waiting throughout this war—waiting and watching—than the men of the British navy, and a nerve-

What "Old Santa" Overheard

By James Whitcomb Riley

Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens



*'Tis said old Santa Claus one time
Told this joke on himself in rime:*

*One Christmas in the early din
That ever leads the morning in,
I heard the happy children shout
In rapture at the toys turned out
Of bulging little socks and shoes—
A joy at which I could but choose
To listen enviously, because
I'm always just "Old Santa Claus."
But ere my rising sigh had got
To its first quaver at the thought,
It broke in laughter, as I heard*

*A little voice chirp like a bird—
"Old Santa's mighty good, I know,
And awful rich—and he can go
Down ever' chimbley anywhere
In all the world!—But I don't care,
I wouldn't trade with him, and be
Old Santa Claus, and him be me,
Fer all his toys and things—and I
Know why, and bet you he knows why!—
They wuz no Santa Claus when he
Wuz ist a little boy like me!"*



FOR ONE NIGHT

BY HELEN BAKER PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

FAR down in the street children were playing in the market place, winding up sixty-horsepower mechanical toys, putting money in their banks and taking it out again, and hiding from each other behind a mask of make-believe. Many of them were old and gray and worn with the game of life; but they could not stop.

About them on every side rose lofty towers they had fashioned of their blocks. Sometimes the foundations were weak and the children were hurt by falling walls; but always they built again, higher, up into the clouds.

It was beginning to rain—a gray, hopeless drizzle out of a gun-metal sky. The street was like a broad band of wet rubber. Lights flashed out in tier on tier of windows. But the children played on.

Far up near the top of a skyscraper two women leaned at a window.

"See, Alma! Look way down there in the street! Aren't they funny! They seem like tiny pygmies! And yet, they're folks." The assistant manager was young and given to philosophy. "Sometimes I think we've got the goods they need down there more than anything else in the world!" She smoothed her drab serge skirt of wrinkles caused by holding so many unadopted—and see them running round and round! What do you suppose they want?"

"Oh," the manager answered wearily, studying a question-form pad, "money—and the things you can get with money—all the way from a skirt with an expensive slit in it—to an airship. Speaking of money, you know we've got to find another office in two months? This little sixteen-story ant hill is going to be torn down. New bank's going up."

THE assistant put down the window and switched on a light under a cracked green shade. "Ugh!" she shuddered, "this home-finding business is all right. It's the home-losing business that has got on my nerves! That little redhead (we never did think of a name, did we?) has certainly had a hard time trying to stay adopted! What with hospital and orphan's home and a week here and a day there—I must say he's a great little pilgrim!"

"It's his red hair, Jim" (Jim being feminine for Jeanette). "Commerce never did go absolutely crazy over our proposition; but when there's anything whatever doing you'll notice the spring styles call for pretty, curly-haired, blond baby girls." The manager, Miss Sykes, was making her desk orderly, preparatory to a six-weeks personally conducted European tour—pleasure trip with expenses partly paid in lieu of her finding out all about scientific management as relates to the business of manufacturing mothers and fathers. It would have been a nine-weeks trip, save for the aforesaid accident of humanity. "Yes, it's his straight red hair. But I guess he's settled this time!"

"What was the matter with those last people that they didn't keep him?"

"They wanted to. But there are the rules of the Medes and Persians. He was a Catholic."

"He! That little bit of a—"

"It was pinned on him. That's about all that was planned on him. Yes, my dear, he's a devout Jesuit. The woman that wanted him had forgotten to fill out that one line about religious preferences."

"Such a little thing!"

The manager nodded, methodically putting away her question-form pads and hiding her best pen. "Yes, that little thing. That's life. When it comes to that it was a little thing that set me up here at the top of this roaring cañon finding mothers for other folks' babies instead of taking care of some of my own. Only, Jim, there isn't any little thing. But I guess he's landed now. Poor little helpless kid! And his hair is so red. I thought it was going to curl. Well, I don't read that Apollo ever graduated from a doorstep basket into an incubator."

It was raining harder now and somewhere a sign rattled dismally.

"It makes me feel," prophesied the assistant, "as though something's going to happen. You see!"

The telephone rang with insistent, raucous clang.

"You answer it," implored Miss Sykes.

"No, you!" begged Jim. "Maybe it's a five-thousand-dollar subscription! You read of things like that in fiction."

Miss Sykes took down the receiver wearily, listened to a high-pitched, nervous voice—and, closing her capable, unringed hand over the transmitter, turned an indignant face to her assistant.

"It's the incubator baby, Jim!" she wailed. "It's off again!"

*With the child in her arms
she sat down and tried on
him everything she had bought*



She continued to listen and at times succeeded in saying something herself: "It isn't true! He has a perfectly good back! . . . No! He never had a sick day in his life! He's only little—and awfully dainty. . . . No! Your doctor is mistaken! . . . No! There's nothing the matter with his back. Well—of course if you feel like that—if you couldn't love him . . . but couldn't you keep him six weeks? I've planned to leave to-day on a . . . Please, please don't bring him out in this. Please don't!"

But the nervous voice at the other end of the wire had broken with a snap. Miss Sykes, a little white-faced, hung up the receiver. "He's on the way, Jim," she said quietly, "his little—bonnet—was all on! Nobody wants him. He probably never was wanted. Jim, life is—" There was no word in Miss Sykes's polite vocabulary for what life was.

An hour went by as they sat and waited by the rain-washed window.

"We've got him on our hands," the manager said after a long silence. "There's something fatal about him!"

It was just atop of those fatalistic tendencies that the door opened and a lady entered. She began with a capital. Probably she would end with it. Money dripped from her handsome brown umbrella, her waterproof brown silken garments. There was money in her copper-colored hat that sat so defiantly above her sad, big eyes. Gray eyes they were, with long black lashes, and anxiety had painted shadows beneath them. She was slight, yet gave the impression, somehow, that God had intended her to be larger if only she could eat and sleep enough. One felt instinctively that her colorless face should have somewhere just the faintest possible rose tint to accompany the rich mass of her hair. That hair would undoubtedly have been red save for the colors she wore—coppery browns that seem to be a very expensive dye. It takes a lady to afford hair like that.

She worried, timidly, a topaz-studded gold bag in her exquisite jeweled fingers, and at invitation of Jim sat down, alas, in the only chair that squeaked.

"I want"—the strange lady hesitated, looking down at her increased skirt and the accordion-pleated chiffon and immaculate real lace on her bosom—"I want a baby!"

THE manager and Jim looked at each other—the merest flicker of an eyelash complaining: "Oh, it's no use. Such a lady! If only that little golden-haired baby girl were ready!" The golden-haired baby girl was not ready because her mother could not quite bring herself to let go and enter upon her long rest. She would, though. Arrangements were all made. Jim, representing the organization, had made the arrangements herself, question form in hand. Tears in her eyes, Jim had exclaimed in that poverty-stricken room—with a sewing machine running over in the corner (98-cent shirt waists cannot wait for death)—and the elevated reeling with sickening monotony just outside the single window. "Oh, isn't she a darling! Let me hold her again! She won't be two days finding one! What a perfect duck of a baby!" From which it will be seen that Jim, even with that awful lump in her throat, considered herself the purveyor of a rare bargain in babies. But the baby girl was not yet displayed on the counter.

The manager looked out of the rainy window. "Par-don me," she said, quite casually, "a little matter—I will take the subject up in just a moment."

She left the room. Outside a closed door there was a querulous, nervous, apologetic voice: "He isn't strong enough. I want a big, strong one," and the manager's own clear-cut reproof: "Such a day! Shame—to bring him back! Give him here quick! Did he come home to Alma?"

THEN the manager was back with the little matter in her arms and taking up the subject right over her motherly, childish bosom.

"This is him—this is he," she introduced, with a great intake of breath. "He has the loveliest disposition—you ever saw! I know you'd love him! Of course we always go through a few questions—on both sides. . . . You want to know things about him—and he"—she looked down at the little ruddy Romanist in her arms—"he wants to know things about you."

"I—I had thought of—a little—blond—curly-haired girl!"

But the baby was indeed a child of fate. He held out his arms, little, curiously unfattened arms—and gave a leap—the most athletic thing he had yet attempted, for the only sort of food that would keep the wolf from his door hadn't put any ginger into him. And he smiled as he had never smiled in this strange planet where it costs so to live—even though you never asked the privilege of living and haven't the faintest idea what it's all about anyway. Two tears, associated, somehow, with his latest return and the insult to his back, trembled before the blue of his eyes and were gone like mist before the sun; and the smile was like a rainbow of promise, guarantee of no more flood of tears, which, of course, was more than you who still weep could expect.

The lady took him in her arms. It was very silent in the room. Faintly, from far down in the street, came the indefinite cry of the market place.

As the child lay in her elegant lap, crushed up against her accordion-pleated chiffon, he was all at once not at all unlovely but strangely like herself. All at once, too, against those exquisite garments his soft, silky hair took on new tones. In both faces were evident the need of sleep, of food—or shall we say the need of what food does for one when all is well—when the body is untroubled by the soul—and some other indefinable good which, for the moment, we shall let equal.

After a while she said, a little huskily: "I may not be able to keep it—but—I want it so!"

Simple words they were and women are always wanting things so. But there in the silent room it was like a cry up out of the depths of things that money cannot buy. "I have wanted one," he said simply, "for twelve years." Indeed she seemed now to be speaking to the smiling child in her arms—making confessions to him of barriers to be overcome, barriers too high, perhaps, to be surmounted. "Alfred is so nervous—his temperament is so—his condition just now is so very—"

She rose abruptly with the child in her arms. "My husband," she apologized, "is extremely nervous—I have always spared him and made life as—but this one thing I want! It is my own idea—no one knows. I could take him—on trial, as it were—could I not? I may not be able—but I want him so!"

"You can fill out this blank," said the manager wearily. "Religion. Everything. I'll fill out this other and in a week—"

"But I want him now! Let me have him to-night—just for one night!"

Miss Sykes and her assistant had no faith in the transaction. But it would take care of him for a day; and they produced another blank which had something about "temporary" on it.

"It's a bad day for him to be out," said the manager tenderly, "although he's really an awfully well baby! Goodness knows, it's hot enough, but I don't like to have him get wet."

"I have an extra wrap," said the lady. "I'll have Williams bring it up. Couldn't I send word? It's the brown limousine with the gold monogram."

Jim ran to the elevator and after a proper interval, Williams walked from it. He was perfectly Englished, liveried in brown and brass, and he carried a coppery brown lace cloak, lined with sulphur-colored chiffon. Nothing plus nothing. Yet the result was something in protection from the elements, and considerable in protection from the common herd.

The lady wrapped the child in it. A curious look of evasion, of subtlety, came into her eyes. "See!" she cried, laughing nervously, "no one would dream that I had anything but a wrap! See! Would you know if I held it so?"

Afterward the manager leaned flatly against the closed office door. "He'll come back," she said dully—reduced to skepticism by hunger and fatigue, the cause indeed of much unbelief.

BY strong-lunged guides on sight-seeing tours it is called "Millionaires' Drive." Block after block they stretch—fortunes in brick and stone and marble—in flower and wooded park. Perhaps from your dollar seat you will comprehend. Possibly you will look with a dumb, unutterable feeling of how-did-they-get-it-all?

"The home of Arnold Avery on the right" is closed—as are many others. The Averys, like the rest, are in that beautiful country that always has sapphire sky and emerald water in magazines—abroad. The heavy blue shades are drawn; the great entrance door boarded up, with a neat sign on it indicating that life may be found somewhere in the rear. You look as you fly by and see nothing in those well-kept grounds that looks like a rear. If you happen to have had recent business in Halsted Street, you philosophize. "What a place for children!" But no children run in and out of that closed door. In all those cool, shadowy spaces there is no child at all, except the marble one in the fountain—and she interferes with no one's plans.

You pass a magnificent pile of brownstone. These people are at home, if not At Home, and you wonder a little at the silken hangings and rare lace at the awninged plate-glass windows. Vaguely, a little wearily, you think: "How happy they must be!" But when the guide announced "the home of Henry Briscoe" you were looking at the bronze door that cost \$20,000, so you did not think at all of the divorce you swallowed along with your coffee. No, Millionaires' Drive has not cornered happiness.

It is curiously quiet along those perfectly rolled velvet lawns. Save for your great juggernaut of commerce there is scarcely any sound except the faint whirr of the closed cars that pass and repass, with flowers in gleaming vases, and richly gowned women with fair faces like pictures at the windows. So quiet—

Sometimes, indeed, dull-eyed, flat-bosomed women, with heavy, sagging skirts and pinned fronts stray here from the other world. They come pushing shabby gocats full of old-eyed, narrow-chested babies; with other babies pulling at their skirts; and, often, other babies knocking feebly at their hearts. At sight of Fairyland these women settle their babies' bonnet strings and crooked, drool-moistened bibs and try, futilely, to bridge the Great Chasm by closing that pitiful hiatus between waist and skirt that seems so curiously weighted since the last baby—and they whisper

"See! see the pretty things! Oh, see the flowers like in the picture show! Don't touch, Heine! No, it ain't to set on!"

And children, tugging at skirts, crippled by crooked run-over shoes, cry in awe: "Oh, oh! And is they kids like us here?" And the weary mothers, thinking of the place with the sewing machine in it (Hurry, Heine!) and the alley behind it where somebody forgets to empty the garbage—thinking hopelessly, desperately of the coming one—whispers: "Sh! Oh, sure they must be somewhere! Mebbe they're having a birthday party in one o' them big houses. Let's look in the windas. Don't cough, Mella! Oh, ain't it quiet! My soul, ain't it quiet!"

Once a little girl, straying in Fairyland, exclaimed: "Oh, ma! A castle like in the pictures in Tony's place!" But it was only the garage of Alfred Van Aden.

The car, indeed, slows down that none may miss the sight of that estate, and it is repeated twice, in raucous, insistent tones: "On the left, ladies and gentlemen, the most expensive dwelling on Millionaires' Drive, belongin' to Alfred Van Aden, who made a million in wheat last week." You utter a composite "Ah-h!"—not at the million in wheat—by this time you are too tired to think a million in wheat, but at the loveliness that possesses your eyes and will remain



It was very silent in the room. After a while she said, a little huskily, "I may not be able to keep it—but—I want it so! I could take him on trial, could I not? I want him now! Let me have him to-night, just for one night!"

a haunting memory. A mansion of whiteness and marble has resurrected from the dead past Egyptian temple and Roman palace. And there—but no, you cannot tarry. Yet you are still passing the wonderful sunken gardens with terraces like velvet, with white marble statues, fountain with carved pigeons on the rim, pools with lilies of rose and lavender, flowers of whose existence you never so much as dreamed, a high stone wall with dark-green, glistening vines—it looks so cool there—and so quiet. . . . It is gone. But you will not forget.

It was nearly seven o'clock when Alfred Van Aden stepped from his purple limousine and entered the house which moved and had moved for twelve years about one center, himself. He in turn moved faster and faster, hypnotized by a dream, the vision of gold yet unattained. This magnificent structure that housed him he himself had not earned. It was all that was left of his father. Alfred Van Aden was the son and the grandson of worn-out makers of money. He was an only son. His father had been an only son. Each generation had succeeded merely in reproducing itself. Alfred Van Aden had no child.

HE HAD been trained early for the great game, and it possessed him, body and soul. He was going to rest some time, though, and read books that Alice had in the library, see pictures that he understood he passed every day when he went by the Art Institute, and travel somewhere beyond the route of the hurried traveler who is always getting cables from the home office. But he had no time this year. The market was wild. Hadn't Ames dropped dead in the Pit that very day?

A maid in uniform opened a door before he could ring, because it made him nervous to wait. The last butler had breathed too loud on opening the door, and a quiet woman had been substituted.

"Good evening, sir," she said in even, impersonal tones, and immediately became a hatrack. She had said that and become a hatrack perhaps five hundred times. But, while looking for an instant in satisfaction upon his graceful, well-tailored shoulders, his handsome head and ivory-smooth cheeks, she avoided, as she had for months, those awful burning eyes.

THE house of Van Aden was a house of luxury and of quiet. The beauty that was without did not belie the loveliness within. Probably nowhere in America could be found more famous rugs, richer hangings, rarer pictures and pottery. The walls had been decorated by an artist whose work in art galleries was always the signal for exhibitions. One knew that the blasts of winter never entered here; that deep within these Aladdin walls the torrid heat of Halsted Street never found its way.

The city which had brought it forth seemed powerless to project here the noise and confusion of the Great Game. One walked on these silken overlapping rugs, and no sound echoed. It was silent here as the grave itself. Servants moved on padded feet. One marveled at the force that could create so vast a machine, keep it in perpetual motion—silent, without friction. Was there no limit to that force? Was there anything it could not do?

Alfred Van Aden went through these great, silent, luxuriously lighted rooms and looked critically about; but nothing was out of place, no discord in a red the harmony that should have been restful to his roving, hunted eyes.

Alice should be there to meet him, though. She knew he liked her to be waiting, and her carelessness annoyed him. She came hurrying now with a show of calm, and he did not see how her hands trembled, hiding the crushed chiffon over her breast.

"I was detained," she apologized. "I—" She looked about the room and stooped quickly over a child's bonnet. Gathering the strings in her hand, she pretended she had found a handkerchief. How had she ever dared to even think of a thing she knew now to be utterly impossible? Her eyes were the frightened, evasive eyes of a woman who lives always under a tyranny.

"What did the specialist say, Alfred? You saw him?"

"The same old rot about dropping everything and taking a Mediterranean trip. That's all the whole blamed profession knows! I'm sick of the Mediterranean! And how could I go anyway? Market all going to smash! Ames—Ames dropped dead to-day!" He was breathing excitedly.

"The doctor says I've got to sleep. That's what he says, and I could if the house could ever be quiet! Tell Katy she can't have a vaudeville in the kitchen to-night!"

"It's only one young man."

"Well, I don't like his tobacco or his laugh." He reached, trembling, in his pocket and drew out a little round, white box.

She looked at it with widening eyes, then with a little sob broke through the habit of twelve years. "Stop!" she cried. "Is that morphine? You had it last week! Alfred! Have you, have we, come to this?"

"Just for one night, Alie! I've got to sleep to-night. I've got to. That specialist says that any little thing may send me batty. I'm half that now. I've got to sleep, I tell you! He said I've got to forget myself, and this—little—box is—the only way. Just for one night!" His eyes had the peculiar glare of one whose feet are almost over that mysterious divide beyond which lies madness.

Never afterward would she forget the struggle that left her leaning over him, the little white shiny box in her upheld fingers. She had fallen in a weeping heap at her feet—undone, hysterical. She knew now, a thing she had put from her for months, unwilling to look the fact in its ghastly face, that their life together was in ruins; that the brilliant, joyous future he had offered her—the (Continued on page 26)



Above Every Name

HE WHO first wrote the name, wrote it at the end of the list—below every name. He was a Roman officer, charged with the duty of the census in the district about Bethlehem. All day long the line of tired pilgrims had filed before the desk. At last the wearying record was completed: the officer set himself to casting up the columns. Then suddenly a shadow fell across the page. He turned impatiently toward the doorway to see the figure of a stalwart man outlined against the setting sun, a child in his arms. "I could not come earlier," he said, "the child was born last night."

"You are at the inn?" the officer asked.

"No—we arrived too late: the babe was born in a manger."

"Your name?"

"Joseph."

"Of what tribe?"

"The tribe of Benjamin and David. We are the descendants of Kings," he added. The officer did not look up. The world was full of the sons of former kings—and now there was no king but Cæsar—Lord of the Earth by right of war.

"Your wife's name?"

"Mary."

"And the child's?"

"Jesus." The voice of the big man was soft, as though fondling the syllables. "It means the Saviour of his people." The officer merely nodded.

"Jesus, son of Joseph, of the tribe of Benjamin," he wrote, and closed the book. It was the last name on his list.

In other years men have written His name high or low, according to the temper of the time. There have been generations in which no business was so urgent as the task of adding glory to that Name. And again, suddenly, the flags of battle have flown high: the lowly banner of His Cross trails

behind them, in the dust: in guilty afterthought the rulers turn to implore His blessing, placing His name again at the end of their ambitions and hate.

But His name cannot occupy that place. Underneath the roar and smoke of battle there are signs to-day that the world is groping its way back to Him. One finds them in the market place, the council chamber, and the office. Even in the midst of battles come cries of men in their helplessness, putting His name above that of their leaders. Wherever families gather silently about a vacant chair, His name is breathed on the lips of women and of little children.

When, at length, weary of war, the world turns its scarred, blood-bathed face, seeking peace, it will be His name in which its prayer will be raised. Across the ruin of men's hopes His voice will answer back:

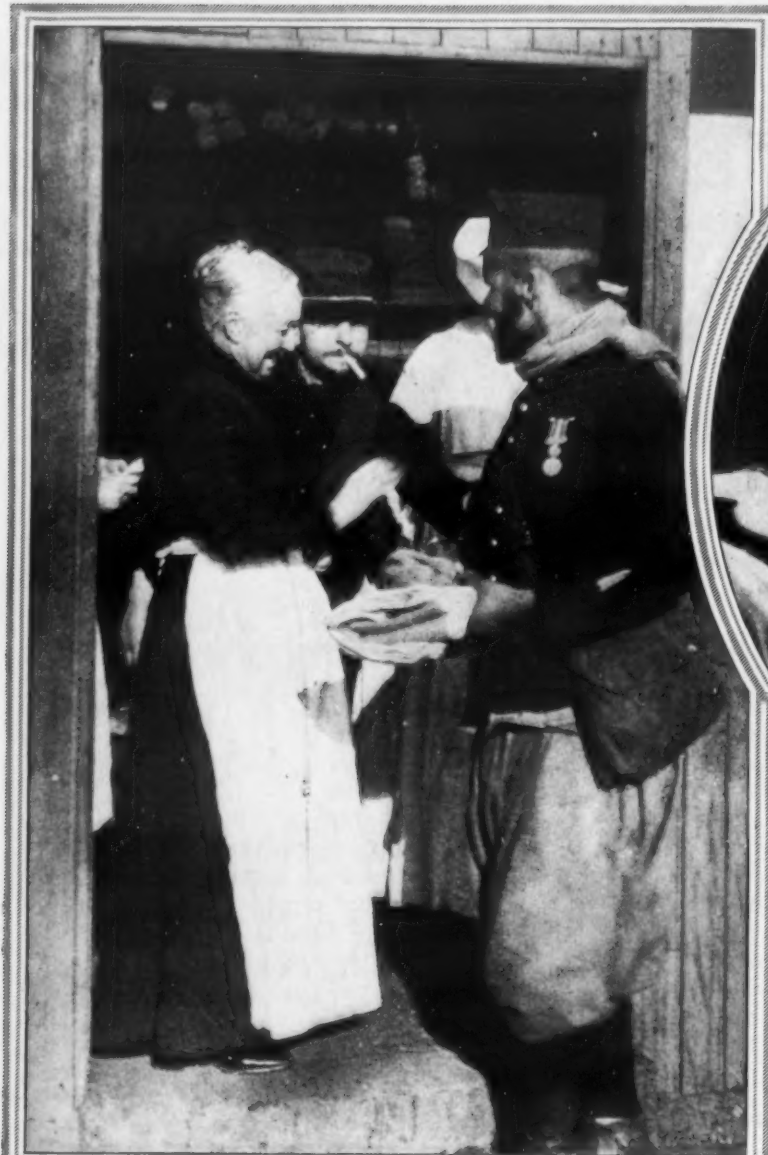
*"Peace I leave with you,
my peace I give unto you."*

Out of the war will be born a new list of heroes. But when these, too, in time shall have been forgotten, the eyes of men will still turn upward to behold His name.

Among rulers, His yoke alone is easy, His burden light. Among reformers, He alone dared to teach men that they are relatives of God and so the equal of their kings. He, too, was torn and wounded. But in the moment when the world had crushed Him He could say: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

For faith like that, the tired race is ready now. The age is ripe for Him again. The Name that nineteen hundred years ago was written last upon the census rolls, is to be the "Name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."





An Algerian trooper receiving new clothing at a French supply depot. Thousands of women in northern France are making themselves useful to the commissary department

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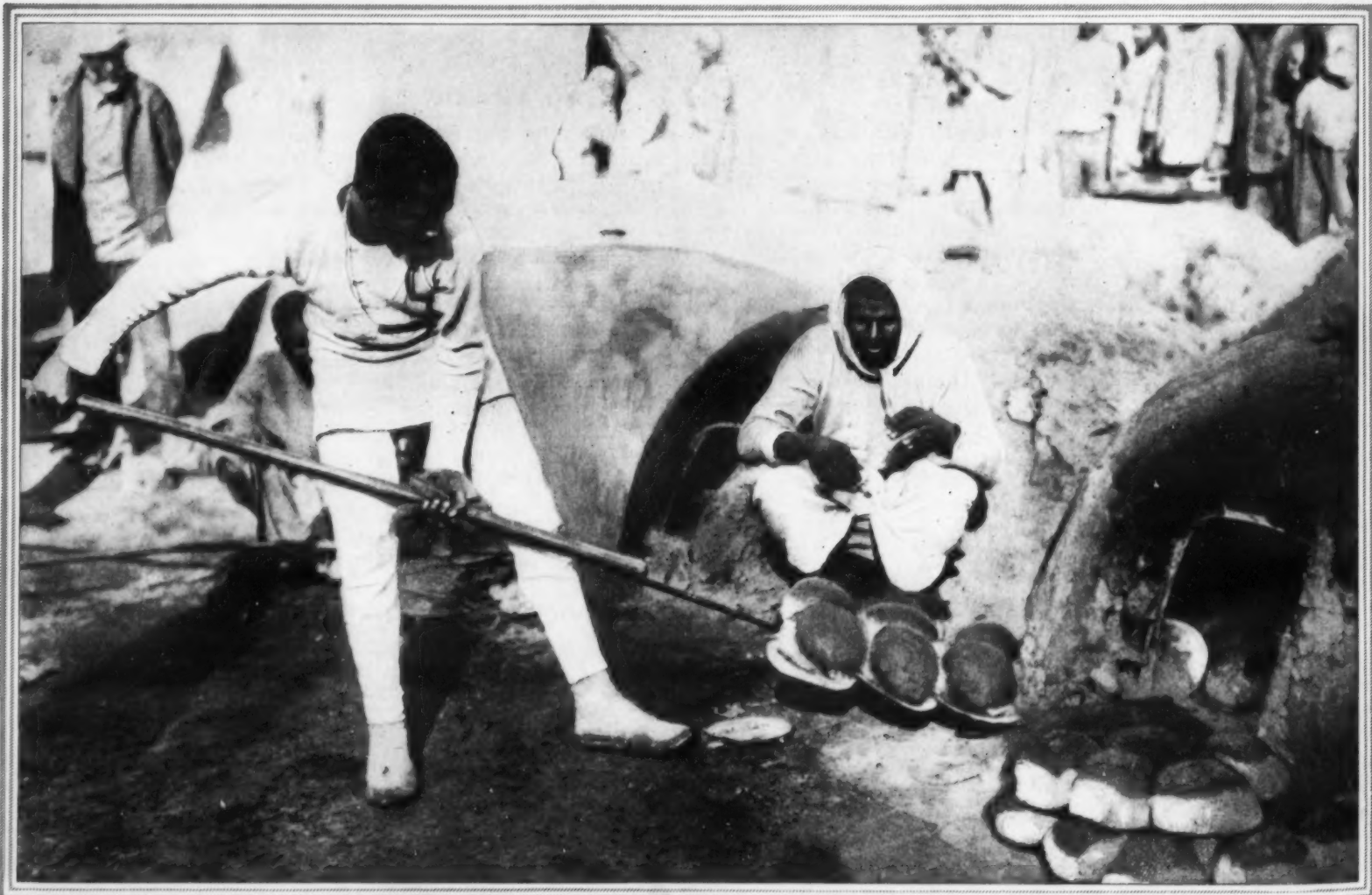


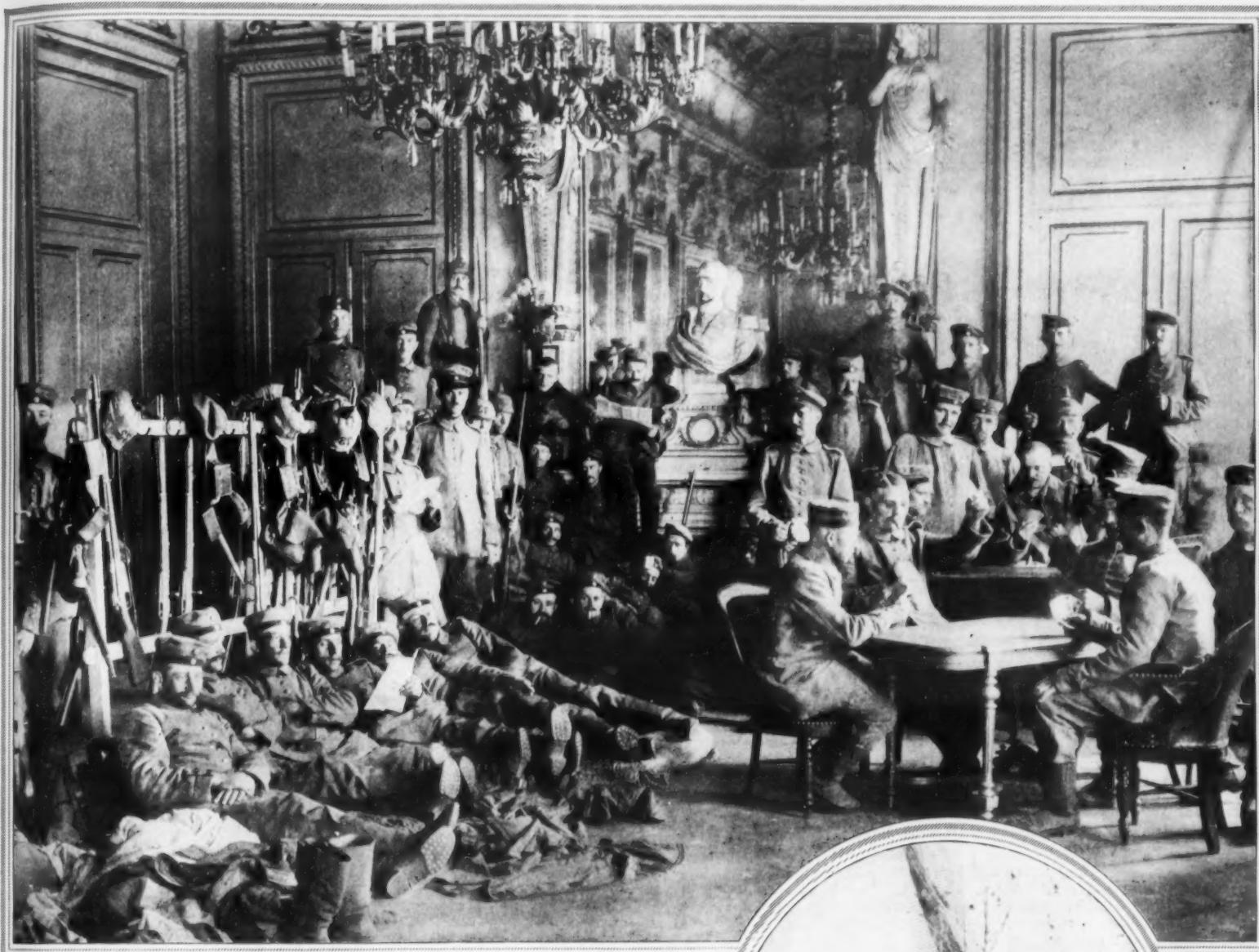
The Winter Keep of 12,000,000 Warriors

THE snapshots reproduced on this page are accurate glimpses of camp life back of the battle lines, but they tell only the pleasant part of the story of how the 12,000,000 men under arms are faring since winter began. Thus far there has been no serious shortage of food or raiment for the troops, but tens of thousands of men on the firing lines are compelled to suffer terribly from exposure. In the eastern campaign the Germans and Austrians have to march, sleep, and fight in snow. The Russians

are accustomed to extreme cold and do not suffer as much as their enemies. In the west many regiments on both sides are exposed to hunger, cold, and rain for weeks at a time. Along the canals, at the extreme west, infantrymen spend day after day in muddy trenches, unable to get food enough, much less dry clothing. In the circle British and French soldiers are seen besieging a supply train that has just arrived at their camp. Below is a snapshot of East Indians baking bread in field ovens of their own peculiar design.

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Walls of Men That Sway but Never Thin



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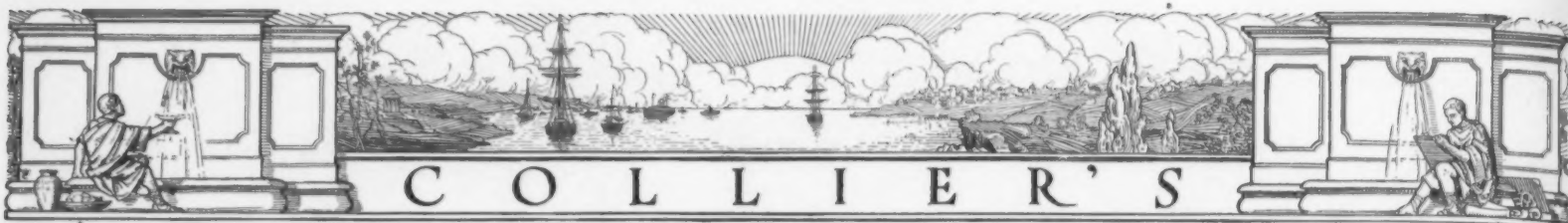
THE German Kaiser's two great walls of men which stretch along two hundred miles of battle front are frequently riddled by the enemy's guns, and every now and then they sway backward under the blows of the Allies, but as yet they never thinned. The killing or wounding of 700,000 or more Germans has not weakened the tidal wave of blood. Berlin dispatches say that there are still 4,000,000 Germans in the service, and probably a million more can be recruited, but, of course, the Kaiser's coming-on forces cannot last forever. The Germans have lost as many, if not more than their enemies, and in a wearing-out struggle they cannot last half so long. And Austria, which has lost approximately 900,000 men, about one-third of her entire forces, cannot be safely depended upon to help Germany any more than she has done. Furthermore, the Kaiser's armies have already done as good fighting as they can be expected to do. They have reached top speed without permanently crippling Russia, France, or England.

In the photograph above German infantrymen are seen enjoying a rest on the stage of a palatial theatre while awaiting their turn to be sent out to fill up a gap cut somewhere in the firing line by the enemy's guns. Those at the tables are enjoying a few games of pinochle. The name of the place was withheld by the censor.

At the right is a snapshot of two Belgians firing from behind a pollard willow in the sandy country near the coast, while in the upright at the left two lookouts are seen on a ladder attached to a French armored train. On November 24 a British armored train with small guns routed 200 Germans engaged in building a pontoon bridge over the Yser, killing half of them.



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Between Two Days

HAVING FINISHED with this Thanksgiving Day, and while looking forward to Christmas, we must not fail to see how fine and true is this succession of our holidays. Whatever we have won of safety and promise, of ends accomplished and power achieved or failure avoided and disaster overcome, whatever good the life of the closing year has brought to us—these things are all reviewed and acknowledged at Thanksgiving time. And from the familiar rite we gather gratitude for what has passed and hope for what is to come. There is a harvest of the soul as well as of the fields, and both rely implicitly upon a truth that is eternal in this world of ours. And then? After all, the final proof of the spirit that gives thanks is the strength that gives service, a strength not necessarily of temporal power or wealth, but inevitably of helpfulness and love. This follows just as surely as December follows November in the frame of time. The man does not live who can reckon truly what the fellowship of others has meant to him through all the year's work without feeling his heart turn instinctively to find expression in that devoted service to others which is the everlasting meaning of Christmas Day. We have been helped, and, therefore, we will help in turn. The strength that the old year gave shall mean love and power for whatever need the coming time may bring. The saddest may feel this if they will, and the lowliest may share therein. These days between the holidays are a time for seeing this truth and for making sure of it, for taking care so that no slip of ours shall balk this translation of gratefulness into service. After Thanksgiving comes Christmas!

The Kansas Way

WHAT FOLLOWS is from the county correspondence of the Topeka (Kas.) "Farmers' Mail and Breeze":

Kansas produced 116,000,000 bushels of corn this year. Last year the yield was 23,500,000 bushels. The farmers of Kansas have 77,000,000 bushels of wheat more than they had last year. The oats crop is 25,000,000 bushels larger than last year; barley, 4,000,000 bushels; rye, 360,000 bushels; potatoes, 1,500,000 bushels; sweet potatoes, 300,000 bushels; hay 1,000,000 tons, and apples, 400,000 bushels larger than last year. Why shouldn't Kansas give generously to the starving people in Belgium?

Kansas has responded. One of her first gifts is 100,000 barrels of flour, ground free by Kansas millers, and put in canvas sacks for shipment direct to starving Belgium. This is a gift of rich men and poor men alike, and the railroads carry it free. A mechanic gave a day's wages—four sacks of flour; a picture-show man gave the proceeds of one performance; a merchant, one day's profits; a little group of women, a large portion of the money they ordinarily spend on Christmas gifts. That is the Kansas way.

Cheering Up the Brewer

THE EDITOR of the Mulvane (Kas.) "News," J. L. PAPES, looks on the bright side. He cheers people up by calling their attention to some occasion for thanksgiving. He urges the brewers to celebrate the fact that four more States went dry last November. Mr. PAPES has been reading the "literature" of the brewers, and notices that more liquor is always sold in dry States than in wet ones. We should have overlooked Mr. PAPES's editorial if it hadn't been for the Wichita (Kas.) "Beacon"—HENRY ALLEN's paper.

His True Vein

SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE'S little war with Turkey (no doubt he ate codfish straight on Thanksgiving Day) was very sufficiently disposed of by the New York "Evening Post" in one sentence:

He [L. e., Senator LODGE of Massachusetts] seems to have a bad case of what the old lady called bellicose veins.

A Great Beginning

A FEW WEEKS AGO our new national banking system, under the supervision of the Federal Reserve Board, went into operation. There is no need to speak here of the membership of over 7,500 banks, the enormous resources at their disposal, or the fundamental business benefits which the greater stability and the more ready usefulness of the new system will secure for our country. These things are (and will be) sufficiently apparent. The main point is the demonstration that we are doing in these United States solid constructive work of betterment. This ought to hearten us all as we look forward. In spite of the pessimists, the establishment of the new banking system is now a fact—and perhaps the solution of other national problems may not be any more hopeless. Banking reform was achieved by this sequence of acts: laying bare the facts, singling out the evils, dis-

cussing and agitating and appealing and returning to the charge till the "advanced position" that looked so far away was ours. This is the way the great issues are met and mastered. The last Administration and the next to last Congress tried to reform our banking system. Mr. WILSON's Administration is the one that has achieved the reform.

The Vera Cruz Recession

OUR WITHDRAWAL from Vera Cruz is an act which must be judged by its results in time to come. If the long-run effect is to stimulate Mexican confidence in self-government, to unite factions and to create a sounder political future for that unhappy country, then our withdrawal will be justified. If the long-run effect is to fan factional strife, to endanger further the lives and property of foreigners, and to inflame still more the greed of selfish leaders, then our withdrawal is only a bad beginning for what we must painfully do later on in restoring peace to Mexico. The Administration has acted on its own information and its own responsibility. The Administration's diplomatic wisdom will be applauded or condemned when the outcome is known. To applaud or condemn now is not to give a verdict; it is merely making a personal or partisan prophecy. Time alone can show. The abandonment of Vera Cruz is merely one incident in the Administration's Mexican policy. Another single incident, considered alone, was admirable—namely, the acceptance of mediation, the restraint, last April, by which we did not go on from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. But the Administration's Mexican policy, taken as a whole, is, in our judgment, a very different story.

A Fight for Life

IN THE NEXT ISSUE of COLLIER'S will appear the first of two articles on the case of LEO M. FRANK, the young business man at Atlanta, Ga., convicted of the murder of MARY PHAGAN, a fourteen-year-old child. This case is now attracting widespread attention, owing to the refusal of the Georgia courts to interfere with the verdict of the jury, which verdict the trial judge who heard the evidence expressly refused to sanction with his assent. "In dramatic interest," said the Baltimore "Sun" recently, "the full story of the trial and of FRANK's fight for life probably surpasses anything of the kind that has happened in this country for years." C. P. CONNOLLY, the author of these articles, represented COLLIER'S at the trials of HAYWOOD and PETTIBONE at Boise, Idaho, and at the trial of the McNAMARAS. He is a lawyer skilled in analyzing facts. Without anticipating his articles, we can state that, on the admitted facts, what the courts and law officers of Georgia have attempted would be an unbelievable setback to our civilization. If it were consummated, which it will not be, it would affect the current of history and leave a scar for a hundred years.

Justice and Trade

HENRY SIEGEL of New York kept a private bank as well as some stores. People intrusted their money to his bank, he lent it to his stores without proper security, and when things went badly he falsified the books. After an expensive trial he is convicted, "found guilty of a misdemeanor," fined \$1,000, and sentenced to ten months in jail. The sentence is suspended until next June so that he can make restitution to his depositors, and, if this is done, it is probable that he will not serve the jail sentence at all. Is this justice? What would have happened to SIEGEL if he had taken the merest fraction of that money from the till or pocket-book of one of his depositors? Why is it that we are so little able to punish these crimes of cunning which strike at the very heart of our business life? If SIEGEL is to be let off because of restitution and reformation, why does not the common thief have the same chance?

Russia and the War

RUSSIA, the land of mystery! Whether you are a playwright, to whom a depraved and alcoholic grand duke is indispensable as a villain, foiled by a beautiful woman in evening dress (really a revolutionary whose husband is serving time in Siberia); whether you are a playwright, or an enthusiast for TOLSTOY, and TURGENEV's novels, or just a newspaper reader who likes to understand things—Russia is at once a romance and an enigma. The country where the same word means countryman and Christian, where superstition, ignorance, mysticism, charity, and inbred anarchism, great riches and great want all jostle elbows: the country which, like Mexico, has no middle class! We delight in reading about Russia—whether in the great novels that DE VOGUE's book tells about, or in the travel books by STEPHEN GRAHAM,



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or in MAURICE BARING's essays. Certainly there is no one volume that tells us very much about Russia—which is, in part, because there are so many Russias. But we have just read an instructive article on "Russia and the War" in the November issue of the "Contemporary Review." It tells, for instance, of the way Russia was "shaking with revolt of a peculiar kind" when the European conflict began, with "a civil war of the most horrible kind" on the point of breaking. It tells of the part the revolutionists of yesterday are playing as the patriots of to-day. It may well be that the great war is all that saved the Romanoffs and their dynasty. At the beginning of August (i. e., when Germany was declaring war) the German press was announcing "that Ireland had revolted and that there actually was a revolution throughout Russia." The Kaiser's secret meeting with Sir EDWARD CARSON, Ulster ringleader, is matched by the fact that the first men to strike in Russia's social revolution of this last July were employees of a German firm. The Germans undercalculated, in seizing their "opportunity," what a force loyalty in Great Britain and Ireland, and in Russia, too, may be. But we don't blame WILHELM and his advisers for not understanding Russia. She is the puzzle of the twentieth century: half anachronism, half art triumph. You'd better read the article "Russia and the War." But you won't understand Russia even when you've read it. For Russia is half enigma—and all romance.

Mothering the Belgians

AT POLITE GATHERINGS in Chicago the chief topic of conversation is the Belgian babies. Woman asks of woman: "Shall you take a Belgian baby?" The answer, with a quite beautiful frequency, is: "I think I shall. I have a friend who is taking two. I believe I would be better able to stand the war if I did that much to help the people who suffer most from it. Anyway, a little Belgian ought to make a fine son. Don't you think so?" Undoubtedly, in the last remark lies the secret of much of the enthusiasm for the adopting "war orphans" of Belgium which is now spreading over the Middle West. It is not alone that a motherly woman feels a profound compassion for these bereaved children of a devoted people, but also that she thrills at the thought of rearing a young hero. Her own son, reared as the privileged citizen of an overconvenienced city, and "given advantages" till he is actually stultified by them, may be but a tepid, though dear, possession. But the little Belgians, tragic and piteous from their desolated land, marked with red memories of war, ought to make fine men and women. Some are too young to understand the drama of which they have been so touching a part, it is true; but it is to be remembered that great events and passions leave their imprint even upon the very youthful. Yes, the truth is, women like to be mothers to the Gracchi, and if they cannot be so by the course of nature, they are not averse to stealing a march on Destiny.

Censorship Badly Needed

WE NOTE WITH INTEREST that the cannibals along the Ivory Coast of Africa are soon to see their first moving-picture show. We wonder if they will be shown any films of what wreckage the Germans left in Belgium, or of the death-heaped, shell-torn plains along the coast of Flanders? Civilization must not be flashed too blindingly upon these benighted savages.

It Takes a Poet

FROM BATTELL LOOMIS, Connecticut poet, comes a letter containing an idea. This is the idea:

Why not an article or an editorial advocating the making permanent of the Christmas-ship idea? It would, for as long as it could be kept spontaneous and out of politics, become a powerful factor in rebalancing the world after the war. We ought to have more interchanges of courtesy such as at home among neighbors we have. In Torrington the farmers swap prize fruits of field and orchard. I presume it not a local amenity. Why could not interest be roused among the peoples and free transportation be given to such prize fruits so that upon exchange of addresses Farmer Hoskins of Skinnetunk might send a fine pumpkin

to Old Woman KONGER of Jamaica, who in return would send him a fine ripe bread-fruit? Why could not public-school children, as well as Sunday-school kids, have established for them better relations with school children in Borneo and Protoplapsus? We exchange professors, why not let little RACHEL WALKER, student of pigeon German in School No. 3, get letters in the real thing from ADOLF VOLLMER of Gesundheit Grosskopf-am-Rhein, or let LIZZIE LENTILS compare wrongs with BELLE LA FRANCE of Petitecapon-sur-Marne?

In some ways the times are less ripe for Mr. LOOMIS's idea than he may think. The suggestion is at least diverting. Mr. LOOMIS is a poet who has worked on the farm. We believe it was Mr. JAMES KEELEY of the Chicago "Tribune" who originated the Christmas-ship idea. We pass Mr. LOOMIS's suggestions on to him.

An Age-Long Question

ONE WEIGHTY ARGUMENT used by those who favor the complete independence and freedom of women is that the two sexes are really fundamentally alike. The old view held that they are fundamentally different. Using your own interpretation of "fundamentally," which opinion do you hold, and why?

We Stop and Think It Over

VARIOUS PERSONS, normally rather intelligent, say that the war is bound to stimulate all the arts. We doubt it. Much intellectual commerce has been swept from the seven seas. The cables bring tidings of dreadnoughts, submarines, and Zeppelins; of death, destruction, and the suffering of innocent third persons. The mails bring us from writers like EUCKEN and HAUPTMANN, ROMAIN ROLLAND and ANATOLE FRANCE, ARNOLD BENNETT and G. K. CHESTERTON,

not new ideas and ideals, not liberating thought and healing humor, but denunciations of individuals and indictments of whole nations, words of hate and messages of violence. Rifles, bullets, mitrail-leuses, armored motor cars and aeroplanes make a stimulating diet—but man does not live by caviar alone. The effect of the newspapers of to-day upon our minds may prove transitory, but it is for the moment incontestable. We are impatient with any general ideas but those of world politics. Domestic reforms have little chance of capturing our attention and enthusiasm. Perhaps the late elections go far toward demonstrating that. The tendency of reading so much about war may or may not prove brutalizing; possibly there is less danger of it in view of the unheroic character of much of the news and many of the pictures, emphasizing as both do the futile wastefulness and brutality of war. Whatever happens, we must not allow ourselves to become materialists or militarists as a result of this war business. Ours is no fool's paradise—but we must not forget the blessings we enjoy in living in a new world, far removed from many of the Old World's nightmares. Proudly, perhaps, but not selfishly, we must strive to keep the torch alight.



"That's the Proper Spirit!"

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper



NATIONAL WEEKLY

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FROM BATTELL LOOMIS, Connecticut poet, comes a letter containing an idea. This is the idea:

Why not an article or an editorial advocating the making permanent of the Christmas-ship idea? It would, for as long as it could be kept spontaneous and out of politics, become a powerful factor in rebanding the world after the war. We ought to have more interchanges of courtesy such as at home among neighbors we have. In Torrington the farmers swap prize fruits of field and orchard. I presume it not a local amenity. Why could not interest be roused among the peoples and free transportation be given to such prize fruits so that upon exchange of addresses Farmer Hoskins of Skinnatunk might send a fine pumpkin

to Old Woman KONGER of Jamaica, who in return would send him a fine ripe bread-fruit? Why could not public-school children, as well as Sunday-school kids, have established for them better relations with school children in Borneo and Protoplasmus? We exchange professors, why not let little RACHEL WALKER, student of pigeon German in School No. 3, get letters in the real thing from ADOLF VOLLMER of Gesundheit Grosskopf-am-Rhein, or let LAZZIE LENTILS compare wrongs with BELLE LA FRANCE of Petitcapon-sur-Marne?

In some ways the times are less ripe for Mr. LOOMIS's idea than he may think. The suggestion is at least diverting. Mr. LOOMIS is a poet who has worked on the farm. We believe it was Mr. JAMES KEELEY of the Chicago "Tribune" who originated the Christmas-ship idea. We pass Mr. LOOMIS's suggestions on to him.

An Age-Long Question

ONE WEIGHTY ARGUMENT used by those who favor the complete independence and freedom of women is that the two sexes are really fundamentally alike. The old view held that they are fundamentally different. Using your own interpretation of "fundamentally," which opinion do you hold, and why?

We Stop and Think It Over

VARIOUS PERSONS, normally rather intelligent, say that the war is bound to stimulate all the arts. We doubt it. Much intellectual commerce has been swept from the seven seas. The cables bring tidings of dreadnoughts, submarines, and Zeppelins; of death, destruction, and the suffering of innocent third persons. The mails bring us from writers like EUCKEN and HAUPTMANN, ROMAIN ROLLAND and ANATOLE FRANCE, ARNOLD BENNETT and G. K. CHESTERTON,

not new ideas and ideals, not liberating thought and healing humor, but denunciations of individuals and indictments of whole nations, words of hate and messages of violence. Rifles, bullets, mitrail-leuses, armored motor cars and aeroplanes make a stimulating diet—but man does not live by caviar alone. The effect of the newspapers of to-day upon our minds may prove transitory, but it is for the moment incontestable. We are impatient with any general ideas but those of world politics. Domestic reforms have little chance of capturing our attention and enthusiasm. Perhaps the late elections go far toward demonstrating that. The tendency of reading so much about war may or may not prove brutalizing; possibly there is less danger of it in view of the unheroic character of much of the news and many of the pictures, emphasizing as both do the futile wastefulness and brutality of war. Whatever happens, we must not allow ourselves to become materialists or militarists as a result of this war business. Ours is no fool's paradise—but we must not forget the blessings we enjoy in living in a new world, far removed from many of the Old World's nightmares. Proudly, perhaps, but not selfishly, we must strive to keep the torch alight.



"That's the Proper Spirit!"

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

ing a young hero. Her
overconvenienced city,
ultified by them, may
e little Belgians, tragic
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ome are too young to
so touching a part, it
at events and passions
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if they cannot be so by
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unibals along the Ivory
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of what wreckage the
aped, shell-torn plains
ust not be flashed too

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Excess Value In Abundance

THE only ordinary thing about the 1915 Overland is the price. In every other respect it is an extraordinary value.

To begin with it looks distinctly different. It has decided individuality. There is nothing commonplace about it.

The stream-line body design has exceptional and exclusive beauty and grace.

The tonneau is spacious and has more than ordinary comfort. The soft and deep upholstery is made of the best leathers and hair.

The car rides with almost complete freedom from shocks and jolts. The new rear springs are responsible for this. They are underslung, very long and have swivel axle supports of a new design. These springs prevent the car from jarring you out of patience.

Prices For United States

Overland Model 80 T	\$1075
Overland Model 81 T	850
Overland Model 80 R	1050
Overland Model 81 R	795
Overland Six—Model 82	1475
Overland Model 80 Coupé	1600

All prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio.

Brief S

Motor 35 h. p.
Full stream-line body
Tonneau; long and wide
Upholstery; deep and soft
Windshield; rain-vision,
ventilating type, built-in
Electric starter
Electric lights
All electric switches
on steering column



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All electric switches
on steering column

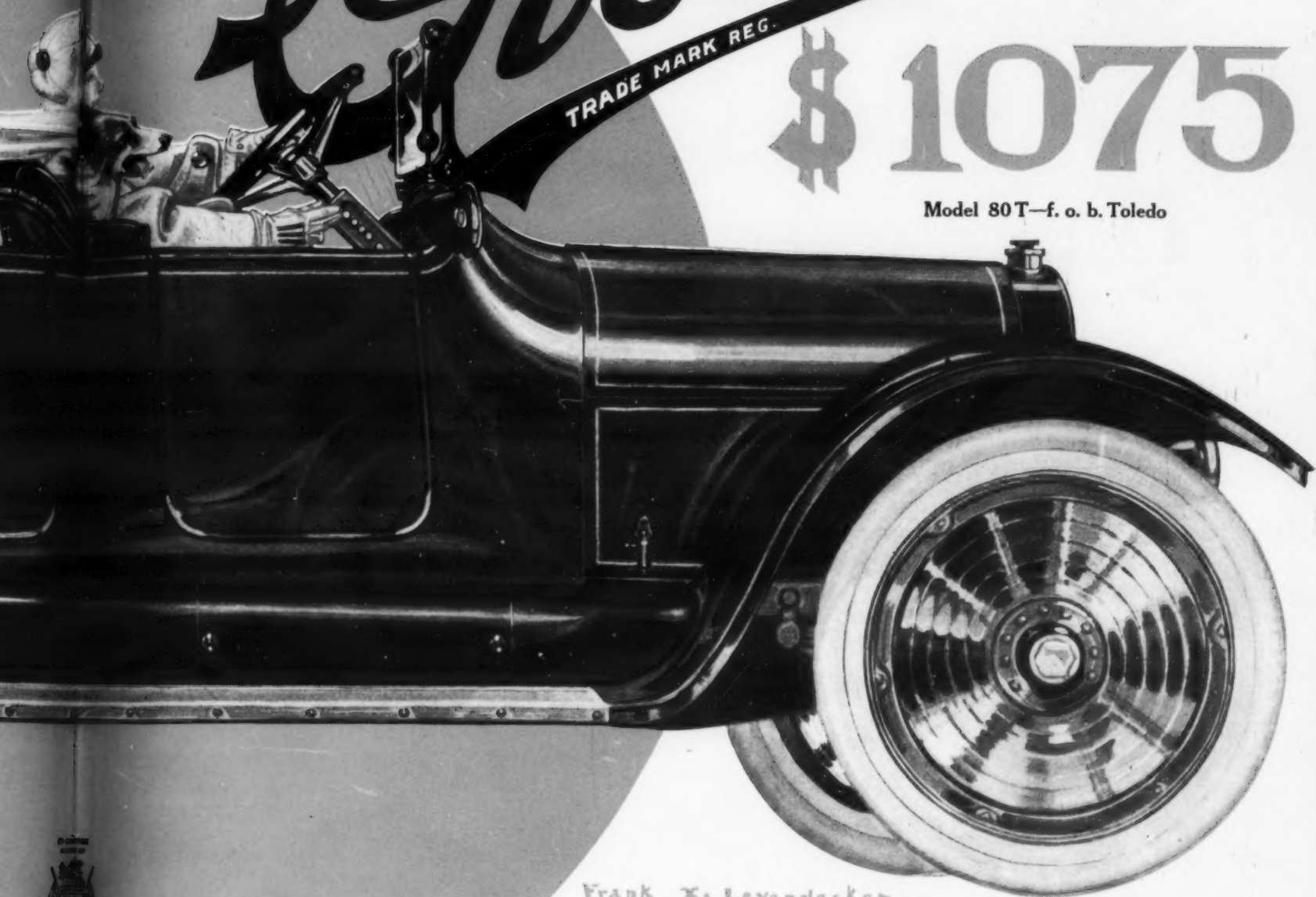
High-tension
Thermo-syn
Five bearing
Rear-axle; flo
Rear springs
and underslun
Wheel base, 1
34" x 4" tires
Demountable
one extra

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

\$ 1075

Model 80 T—f. o. b. Toledo



Frank X. Leyendecker —

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Overland Model 80 R	. 1390
Overland Model 81 R	. 1065
Overland Six—Model 82	1975
Overland Model 80 Coupé	2150

All prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ontario.

Specifications of Model 80 T

High-tension magneto	Left-hand drive
Thermo-syphon cooling	Center control
Five bearing crankshaft	Body:—beautiful new
Rear-axle; floating type	Brewster green finish
Rear springs; extra long,	Mohair top and boot
and underslung, ¾ elliptic	High-grade magnetic
Wheel base, 114 inches	speedometer
34" x 4" tires	Robe rail, foot rest and
Remountable rims—	curtain box
extra	



The Overland is the car selected by the Auto Leaders of the World Association as being the best automobile of the world.

THE PEACEMAKER OF



TOLLEY'S LEDGE

BY VIOLA ROSEBORO'

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

TOLLEY'S LEDGE was, and is, a rocky shelf hung halfway to heaven from a great northern shoulder of the Sierra Nevadas. Snow was falling on Tolley's Ledge. Falling? It looked but to be dancing in infinitudes of flakes and impenetrable endless reaches of whirling white mist. Tolley's Ledge, was as if only the mad snow contained it from the naked space of the universe. And, indeed, Tolley's Ledge, snow-bound now for the long winter, was cut off from the planet Earth as completely as from her satellite Moon.

They were used to that up there; they expected isolation by the middle of November; the first always found them stocked and equipped for the long siege. But this was the seventh of October! This looked like calamity. No man could remember one of these end-all snows in the first part of October! The Ledges, some twenty-odd souls, singly, by families, collectively, took hasty stock of the food supply. Luck was with them: there would not even be need of going short. As for hard fare, the men hastening to congregate in Jim Simmons's store for conversational purposes took small account of such a detail as that.

Nicky Tweedy, an aspirant to manhood, gained unprecedented consideration by telling that his grandfather said an old Injun had told him forty years before about just such another October snow. Nicky repeated this with varying introductions and comments, but that was all there was to it.

"He can't tell nothin' more, I reckon," said Jerry Boles, the blacksmith, "seefin' his brains is so sunk back in his mind; but them Injuns must 'a' starved steep 'fore spring. We're mighty lucky—"

"He looked and looked 'fore he 'membered," Nicky Tweedy, clean drunk with his social success, broke in, interrupted Jerry Boles of all men.

Jim Simmons turned on him: "If yore granddadd had told about this yer early snow some time before in his life, he'd 'a' increased his usefulness in these woods; it's neither here nor there now."

NICKY wilted, and his betters talked on over him. "If Bill Pryor started from Bully City yesterday mornin', he and the pack train's burried in the pocket right now and goin' to stay there 'til—"

"He didn't start," said Jerry Boles. "Why should he when he never 'spected to git here 'fore next Saturday? Fur as that goes, if you'd sent him a week sooner, he'd 'a' been here now with all that bakin' powder and sugar and canned milk and truck."

"Godamercy," cried Jim Simmons, "I must 'a' been a prophet 'thout knowin' it, in my own country, to got him off when I did"—some one called on him to see that a miss was as good as a mile, but Jim only answered by basing further prophetic claims on the flour and side meat and beans he actually had on hand. "With what George Horne has left over after his crew gits away, I guess there'll be no starvin'."

"He's out o' condensed milk, too," some one contributed, but that point had been canvassed before. No one tried to carry any stock through the winter within striking distance (winter striking distance) of Tolley's Ledge, but, after all, no condensed milk meant only going without a luxury, though Jim Simmons did exclaim with sympathetic profanity on the toughness of everything for the geologist and his lady. The plight of this exotic pair, caged up here now for the

winter, had been remarked by every man there when he first fought his way into the dusky cavern of the store; but all were ready to take a fresh start at canvassing their case. This snow was a mighty serious business; but it might have chanced worse, and there was something like a thrill in contemplating where these pretty little Easterners "was at."

They had come up from the outside in the spring, strangers, strayed far beyond the enterprising California camper; and the excitement of their sayings and doings had quickened and colored life on Tolley's Ledge and far up steep green-roofed trails. They were just a boy and a girl, a friendly boy and girl, and everybody took a kind of pride in them. He had won respect by such mountain climbing as no mountaineer of them all had ever contemplated; and she, the dark-eyed, eager, sincere girl—

"It'll shore be stiff feeding for sich a quicksilver posy piece," said some one; "but she won't holler."

"Naw, sir; not—"

JERRY BOLES cut short a budding eulogy, and it was the quietness of him silenced the room. "She's got a turrible rightful reason for hollerin'." The men waited, prescience in their eyes. "Yes," said Jerry; "my wife tells me this mornin' that she's known it for a month. Mrs. Carter herself come to her for some kind of woman talk. Her glory-hell happen'll be around Christmas time. My woman says she was wrapped up in holy pride 'bout it like a female in Scripture."

News is news at Tolley's Ledge, most of all after snow comes, but Jerry Boles's sensational revelation got no obscurest welcome. They liked the posy-piece girl too well; they knew too well the dark possibilities of the situation. Of course their women bore their young, winter or summer, with or without a doctor's care, as it chanced; but that was part of a hard, perilous life that they well knew was hard and perilous; and though their women were fit for its perils as no outside woman could be—no Easterner, above all—now and again they died in childbirth, and oftener yet their babies were lost. Jerry's story took the starch out of them, as they put it. The Carters themselves, boy and girl, in their cabin, were holding a meeting of their own. Guy Carter had been startled enough when he woke to the weather, but it was not till he had fought his way across to Mrs. Simmons's (Jim had already gone "in front" to the store) that he gave up hope of getting away, getting outside.

Mrs. Simmons, as was understood, had more sense than any man around that side of the mountain; he had sought her counsel, and there was no gainsaying her.

"No, Mr. Carter," said the gaunt, leathery, competent woman, "three foot o' snow now ain't no different from three foot o' snow a month from now, and Them Above knows I've had my chances fur 'learnin' what ye can and can't do after the deep snow comes. Mostly it's what you can't, thanks to that there pocket in the cañon what I'm tellin' you about. The devil must 'a' put that little drib of gold up here in the first place for a joke, tolin' men to such a spot as this yer ledge, and they not havin' sense to leave it when the

gold's gone. A trail or two, and the tallin's have been enough to hold 'em here when every winter that there pocket is between them and everythin' in this created world, 'ceptin' two or three cabins higher up and George Horne's. I wish you hadn't been so fresh quarrellin' with George Horne"—with this wistful personality Mrs. Simmons varied a garrulity that had given the white-faced visitor time to "brace up"; she looked at him as if ready to plead with him—"it ain't as George can do anythin' special that I'm thinkin' about, but he—"

Guy Carter answered her only with an emphatic nod or two that gave assent and also closed the subject.

"But if we can't get out—of course my wife can't—but one man, if—"

"Sonny, git it down, git it swallowed 'fore you go home, that's the best way. You know's well as I do; you've seen the place and heern me talk; nothin' but a bird kin git through the pocket 'fore May, and it might git caught by an avalanche. After there's a good crust—maybe a month from now—George's lumberjacks'll try it by the trail to Edom's Fork; but they won't git outside, and not one of them could git back to save the whole world from kingdom come. You make up your mind to it, and that everythin's goin' to go all right, same's it's done lots of times with the whole crew of us up here." So the boy sat there a while by the bright kitchen stove, unseeing eyes on the hands he gripped between his knees while Mrs. Simmons's kind loquacity heartened him when he heard it and also when he did not; she made for him a kind of privacy wherein a man might dumbly pray.

WHEN he fought his white-blinded way back to Noella he found a wife where he had left but a brave, frightened sweetheart. Noella, too, had not been idle, and piecing together what she had gathered of life on the Ledge, she had faced the worst and got it over with, the gallant mother girl, before her mate should call on her courage to back his own.

"Man, my man, thank God I don't have to stand your part." While he knelt beside her she held his head close and breathed out her gratitude that he had the hardest side to bear; he the stronger, while she need endure only her own pains, a thing so easy compared to seeing your love suffer.

In time he told her, standing before her as if awaiting a verdict, what Mrs. Simmons had said about wishing he had not quarreled with George Horne.

"Perhaps I ought to have made up to him, met him halfway anyhow, after I took my licking."

"What could George Horne do for us?" was Noella's noncommittal cry.

"Of course that would have been the square thing to do if—but the waste of the man, think of what he was, must have been, at college—I couldn't hobnob—he made me sick, ashamed—"

"I suppose the very squaws up the ridge would think they could not give birth to a baby without George Horne's good will, but I can, father man, I can." Perhaps a wise wifeliness underlay these responses that escaped being answers.

"It's too late now," Carter spoke with finality.

"Indeed, yes," Noella was softly final, too. "We can't ask anything of George Horne, and so it is well there is nothing to ask."

No one knew what the Carters had against George Horne. To be sure, he and the geologist had had a fight, but what of that! As a natural ebullition of spirits or a trial by combat that was all right, but a quarrel, a breach, held after the fight—that was a miserable sort of business. And, of course, everybody had counted on George Horne to make company for these Easterners.

THE daily meeting at the store settled into its accustomed winter ways, and at one of its early sessions Nicky Tweedy struck to regain something of the social importance he had so briefly tasted. The talk was circling around that unsolved mystery between George Horne and the Easterner. George Horne talked as easy and common now as anybody, but the old-timers remembered and told, and were telling this very afternoon, how when he first dropped on to the Ledge, nobody knowing (or asking) whence nor wherefore, he had carved out his words just like the geologist down to the fine markings. Various things since then had confirmed the mountain in its shy but cherished conviction that before some happening that was nobody's business but his own, George Horne had been to college, one of the real old come-with-Columbus head-springs of book learnin'.

The talk was circling and dotting these matters, past and present, when Nicky Tweedy, after some silent wriggling, piped up:

"Mr. Carter, he shamed him 'bout Sally—that's when George slapped him over."

Tilted chairs came down—bang!—pipes came out of mouths before, in an embarrassment of riches, anybody could choose where to dig first; four speeches, simultaneous, struck in at three levels.

"Nicky Tweedy," demanded Jerry Boles, "how come you to bushel hide light such as that with your know-nothin' ways and words?"

"Slapped him? You mean, just slapped with the flat of his hand? Slapped him, and he went over?"

And Pert Ruggles wanted to know what there was about Sally McIntyre, after the way old McIntyre fetched her up and learned her, to shame any white man. Sally was a half-breed—that was what underlay Nicky's story—and the Ruggles family had some such connections of their own.

Nicky was overwhelmed and fell to stuttering, a weakness that only overcame him when, as now, there was good reason for talking fast and plain. But gradually the shouting and the tumult died, and a number of things had come out. First off, there was no doubt about it, George had slapped, just slapped the geologist clean over, and Carter was a fair good man, too; of course he was took by surprise, but, any way you looked at it, it was purty work. But what was eatin' him to go Billy-buttin' like that about a man's woman 'thout knowin' any more'n Adam's hound dog whether she felt him by priest, preacher, peace justice, or jest naturally took her chances the old back-time way?

"He'd heern George Horne had an Injun woman," it was opened, "and bein' an Easterner, 'thout much sense of meanin', he tuck that the off way."

What Nicky Tweedy told when you put it all together and cut out the stutterings was that he was behind the bushes gittin' specimens for Mr. Carter when the two men come down the old forked trail and stopped when they came to the place where the three trees blew down. Mr. Carter turned and said: "And you a Yale man?" only he said it strong and sorter sorelike; and jest then George jerked his shirt collar open (a flannel shirt it was, of course), and out there flew from somewheres a little gold trinket trick of some kind and fell down between the men.

"I only seed it when it flew," explained Nicky; "the ground bumped up 'tween me and it, but them two kept staring down at it hard, till Mr. Carter said: 'Good God! and you here keepin' an Injun woman,' and right there George slapped him side the head,

and he reeled and went over, and George says in a perlite carved-out outside kind of way: 'Air you speakin' of my wife?'"

Naturally Nicky had to give proper details of the ensuing fight—not that anyone was in suspense as to the outcome. Nicky could recount a fight with surprising accomplishment; the basic facts were that Mr. Carter was mighty quick and free steppin', but that George didn't trouble hisself 'bout them little love licks, but went to work careful and light for him, though he knocked Carter down agin in a minute, and then Carter said, when he got his wind, that it was up to him to take a lickin', and he was sorry—well, Nicky couldn't tell it, but Mr. Carter fixed it up about Sally and talked slick.

With that general conversation broke out again, and the dominant note was wonder as to how it come George had not et him up after that—he always did warm up to 'most any man after he'd licked him, anyhow. Nicky Tweedy was no psychologist, but he knew that Mr. Carter sorter held off stiff same time he was comin' on perlite, and George got red in the face like he was mad, first mad he'd showed. The little trinket trick? George had picked that up when he'd first slapped Mr. Carter over, while he was goin' over.

JIM SIMMONS began: "I tell you, fellers," and everyone knew he would gladly keep on telling them for half an hour, but Jerry Boles was the man for the meeting now. "What you say to all that, Jerry? Don't this and that pint same as you allus said, Jerry?"—the quicker witted noisily overrode Jim.

"Yes, sir," said Jerry. "Yale—that there's one of them genuine old original college schools that staked its claim when the country was first opened up. The geologist—I'd count it a spree to spank him myself if I got any openin'—but its youngness and feelin' biggity 'bout the way he puts a shine on that Yale school of theirs with his ready rock readin'—that's

"He don't so much as know George's Eastern name; you can see he ain't no trail blazed into his past, and if he had he wouldn't lead no critter that way. I like to hear you fellers call him smelly names, 'cause I got the same feelin' and too much sense to do it. But you better take your bile out here and now, for, boxed up the way we all are in this yer snowball, George himself might take a notion to lick any varmint as badgered a pore little Eastern frilly girl in such a fix as the geologist's; and you can't so much as let her husband alone 'thout helpin' maybe to murder her and her offspring. Ye'll have to meet and pass, and pass and meet with him as friendly as ever, and more of it. And wherefore anythin' else? Ef this yer Tweedy weed hadn't burried his news in a napkin same as Scripture gits after—why, we might 'a' had the fun of puttin' him through a course o' sprouts and learnin' him a growed man's ways before this."

GLANCES of various blighting kinds fell on Nicky Tweedy. They all knew him too well to ask why he had behaved so inconsistently. He had known interesting things before and kept them to himself for long, till some chance put down his secretiveness and called up his loquacity; Nicky bleated something about being afeared he'd git in trouble with Mr. Carter, and Mr. Carter wouldn't hire him to carry that theodolite thing and other contraptions no more.

"And why ain't you afeared now?" Jerry questioned. "He can't go climbin' no more." Nicky crowed it in prideful joy at having an answer. But Jerry would have none of his plausibilities.

"You've just thought of that; you only told 'cause you got through holdin' in—and now that's enough of you." With that exit the immortal parts of Nicky Tweedy, though his carnal frame continued to displace the atmosphere as before.

"Ye 'spose that there trinket thing was something like the pin that drummer Elk had, same's the Freemasons? 'Spose the geologist was another of the same breed?"

The ungrateful company settled down to an exhaustive canvass of Nicky's material. Jerry told how collegers had lots of sects among themselves, and how some of 'em stood together mighty close and secret like Freemasons, "and some is mighty honored and looked up to, they say, and takes their pins and sich solemn, as signs and tokens, same's the flag's a sign and token of yer country. That little gold trick must 'a' been somethin' the geologist understood and looked up to, whatever else. 'Maybe,' said Jerry, 'it was somethin' he'd wanted and hadn't got, and that give vim to his desire to rebuke sin.'" With that piece of astuteness, Tolley's Ledge enters upon a period of several months that shall go unrecorded in this history, and probably in every other.

Christmas came, and, since it was Noella Carter's birthday, celebration was doubly fitting, but more

than the Carters felt that the real Christmas awaited her great gift. It came safe and wonderful in the middle of Christmas week. Noella made good her brave and tender bluff, and brought forth her young triumphantly; Tolley's Ledge rejoiced with her that a man child was born. And such a man child! The Ledge felt that his magnificence was a feather in its own cap. It was unthinkable that such a square-shouldered, strong-backed, black-haired, bullet-headed baby could have been born in the East. He was a captain, that baby, and not only the women of the Ledge paid him tribute, but two or three of the men so managed services and errands as to get a look at him. Their reports confirmed with their own sex the women's clack; he was a bully young 'un. The men warmed again to the man who had begot him; albeit all agreed with Jerry Boles that for all the geologist could climb and kept himself hard, yet that baby was a plain throw-back. "Looks like he'd throwed back a long way, too—back to the Revolution or Injun-fightin' days—some of them old-men-times they had in the beginnin' even in the East. The little thick-skulled man-o'-war—they ought to name him Samson." (Continued on page 32)



"No Indian woman's going to let a baby starve when she's got milk. Nor no other woman," said Sally. A squaw-angel mother, all radiant with the light that has kindled all the kindness in the world

COLLIER'S ALL-WESTERN ELEVEN

BY E. C. PATTERSON

WESTERN football has put another fine year to its credit—a year of exceptional interest and keen rivalry—a year of growth and development and of clean sportsmanship throughout.

In so far as attendance and splendid enthusiasm together are concerned, football in the West through this past fall has surpassed any mark since Michigan was playing Conference eleven in the big wars and great rivalries of the days that came to a close with the passing of the old game.

Out of all the rivalries of the season, Coach Zuppke's alert Illinois eleven came marching through its schedule as undefeated champion of the West with one of the most consistent machines the Western game has known for many, many years. Illinois not only won every game played, but each victory was established in clean-cut, decisive fashion by good scores, leaving no doubt at the finish that the better team had established its supremacy.

The swift rise of Illinois to the top of the field was due to several factors. The team had an alert and consistent, but not an especially powerful, line. The back field was good, but above the ordinary in only two positions, with Pogue, a star half back, and Clark, a fine field general at quarter. Pogue in fact was the only outstanding star of the Illinois line-up, but the steadiness and aggressiveness of the entire eleven deserve high praise, for each man entered into the spirit of machine play and each man did his full share of the work—and did it well. Winning machines, after all, are developed from material of this spirit, so this ability to play together strongly both offensively and defensively always deserves greater credit than individual brilliancy that works mainly for the glory of one man rather than for the common good of all. It is in this respect that Illinois was best.

But, after all, the greatest amount of credit for the Illinois canter down the championship way must be given to Coach Zuppke. This versatile instructor took charge two years ago when the football fortunes of Illinois were certainly not at the highest. He not only knew football, but he was a great believer in the open game, and above all this he had the confidence and respect of his men. The results show, for at the end of his second campaign he had the best eleven in the West—an eleven that had mastered the open game better than any rival and one that was better grounded in rudimentary

play. Zuppke soon developed an attack that carried power through the line and speed outside of tackle and around the ends. It was an attack that Chicago, Wisconsin, and Minnesota failed to stop, for it came both fast and hard and was always alert for any opening that might yawn at any time.

Briefly, Zuppke had the knack of harnessing the individual into a machine—and into a machine that had both force and versatility. He is to be congratulated on his rapid rise to power and his ability within two years to crush the Conference Big Three who have ruled the Conference so long in turn.

Minnesota must be placed second below Illinois. Coach Williams at the season's start had



Maulbetsch, Michigan
Half Back



Clark, Illinois
Quarter Back



Solon, Minnesota
Full Back



Pogue, Illinois
Half Back

First Team

Graves, Illinois End . . .
Halligan, Nebraska . . . Tackle . . .
Keeler, Wisconsin . . . Guard . . .
Des Jardien, Chicago . . . Center . . .
Routh, Purdue Guard . . .
Buck, Wisconsin Tackle . . .
Cherry, Ohio End . . .
Clark, Illinois Quarter Back
Maulbetsch, Michigan . . . Half Back
Pogue, Illinois Half Back
Solon, Minnesota Full Back

Second Team

Huntington, Chicago
Kirk, Iowa
Chapman, Illinois
Rosenthal, Minnesota
Stegeman, Chicago
Townley, Minnesota
Stavrum, Wisconsin
Russell, Chicago
Hamilton, Minnesota
Macumber, Illinois
O'Brien, Purdue

only raw, inexperienced material to work with. The only outlook was decidedly blue. Yet by good coaching he whipped this material into a very fair machine—good enough to beat both Wisconsin and Chicago, and to finish the year with only one defeat, and that from the unbeaten Conference title winner.

Minnesota followers certainly had much to be proud of when the complete record of their team was considered and the big improvement noted in game after game.

Chicago and Michigan Disappointments

WITH the rise of Illinois the two big disappointments were Michigan and Chicago, generally among the strongest. At the start of the season Coach Stagg was stricken with rheumatism and so was unable to follow up his men and to put in his full time at the front. Added to this piece of hard luck his material in the main was only mediocre, and injury after injury prevented many of his best men from reaching top form or giving their best work. These injuries forced him into constant changes and robbed him of the value of Dolly Gray, one of his most promising players. So Chicago, after all, was up against an uncanny fate and fortunes of war that were not to be beaten down.

Michigan's fall was another hard blow to Western football hopes, as the Wolverines dropped three of their four Eastern games. But Coach Yost had a green eleven in the main, and Galt, one of his star backs, was unable to play through an injury to his knee. Green material plus injuries to Galt, Slawn, and Hughtitt cut down Michigan's strength in the early contests, but after the Harvard and Pennsylvania battles a much better showing was expected against Cornell.

Yost's team did exceptionally well against Harvard's powerful line-up, holding the Crimson to one touch-down and rushing the ball through the power of Maulbetsch almost two yards to Harvard's one. But the Cornell defeat came as a hard blow to Yost's expectations. Maulbetsch alone kept Michigan out of a deeper rut. Notre Dame also fell off badly in her intersectional play, the loss of Dorals and Rockne especially crippling her open game and breaking up her attack. So where Michigan and Notre Dame together won five straight from the East last season, this fall they won only two out of six starts—and these two victories were scored against weak teams. But neither Michigan nor Notre Dame was anything like the best eleven in the West, as the season's record shows.

Wisconsin with material none too well balanced did fairly well—as well as could have been expected from what Coach Juneau had to work with. It was a most striking coincidence that the four teams—Minnesota, Chicago, Michigan, and Wisconsin, which as a rule stand at the front of Western football—were all well below normal strength.

Nebraska had a very fruitful season. Probably its most striking performance was a 24 to 0 victory over the Michigan Aggies, who had held Michigan to a 3 to 0 score the week before. But this Michigan-M. A. C. contest had been a most severe one and had taken a good deal out of both teams. However, Nebraska's win was by such a big margin that no doubt could be entertained of the strength of its eleven. South Dakota and Iowa also did their share of first-class work, showing that football strength and skill were scattered over a wide area through the West and not confined to any one section.

In selecting an All-Western eleven this season, there is, as usual, a world of good material to pick from.

This is especially true of the back field where any number of first-class players are to be found. But it

so happens that for the four backs there are four candidates who stand out well above their mates. Maulbetsch of Michigan and Pogue of Illinois stand alone as half backs.

Maulbetsch is one of the greatest line plungers the game has shown in years. He has not yet reached his top form as a defensive back, where he still has something to learn, but any weakness here is more than offset by his ability to rip almost any line to shreds. Not even the fine Harvard line could hold him back from consistent gains as he punctured the Crimson forwards on play after play. Maulbetsch runs a trifle too low, as he is often unable to keep his feet after whirling through the first line of defense. (Concluded on page 25)



Cherry, Ohio
End



Graves, Illinois
End



Buck, Wisconsin
Tackle



Keeler, Wisconsin
Guard



Des Jardien, Chicago
Center



Routh, Purdue
Guard



Halligan, Nebraska
Tackle

THE NATION RESPONDS TO "MADE IN U.S.A."

The National Weekly Thanks Its Readers

Beginning with the issue of October third, Collier's has published each week a full-page editorial pointing out the unparalleled opportunity now open to manufacturers, merchants and all citizens of the United States—an opportunity to insure the present and permanent prosperity of our country by presenting a united front in favor of goods "Made in U. S. A."

We have tried to present this opportunity broadmindedly, realizing always the mutual benefits of reciprocal trade relations between nations; keeping in mind always the fact that no country ever will possess a monopoly of skill, merit or enterprise.

We have not preached the selfish and short-sighted doctrine of American goods merely because they are American—but have attempted only to break down the prejudice already existing in favor of foreign goods merely because they are foreign.

We have said that one prejudice is as bad as another—that we should have done with prejudice and buy goods on their merits—and that whenever we should begin to base our buying upon intelligence rather than bias, we should find that most of the things we have been buying abroad are better made at home.

We have reiterated in many forms the fact that the war in Europe presents to us an opportunity, not an insurance policy; a job, not a legacy; that industrial leadership, if we are to win and hold it, must be based finally upon our own adequacy, not upon others' necessities.

We have stated our firm belief in the mental resources, the mechanical skill and the spiritual as well as commercial vision of American manufacturers; and our equally solid faith that American citizens would support our effort to substitute merit for prejudice as a basis for individual purchases.

Our faith in both manufacturers and consumers has been amply justified and it is for the overwhelming evidence of this fact that we are

grateful. Our campaign has brought a response that promises great and permanent national good, a nation-wide spontaneity and unanimity of approval that enables us to feel that we are useful—the most satisfactory feeling, we believe, that can come to an individual or an institution. For this opportunity to be useful we are grateful.

We are grateful for the thousands of letters which have poured in to us and which, as this is written, are being added to by hundreds daily—letters in such quantity that we long ago gave up all hope of being able to publish even a reasonable fraction of them.

The keynote of our letters from manufacturers is that goods must not only be "Made in U.S.A."—they must also be rightly made. These letters show a complete realization of the responsibility that accompanies opportunity.

Our letters from consumers show not only readiness but eagerness to support every sincere effort to substitute intrinsic quality for an extrinsic label.

Collier's expects to continue this work indefinitely, but we break the series to publish this page—an acknowledgment of the truly national support that has been given "The National Weekly" in its effort to be nationally useful. In conclusion we restate one of our articles of faith published in a recent issue:

WE BELIEVE THAT AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS WANT TO EXCEL—NOT MERELY TO EXPLOIT. WE CAN HELP THEM BY OUR SUPPORT. WITHOUT PREJUDICE TOWARD THE PRODUCTS OF ANY NATION, LET US ENCOURAGE EXCELLENCE IN OUR OWN BY GIVING PREFERENCE TO GOODS THAT ARE

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E. L. Patterson

Vice-President and General Manager
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Number Eleven

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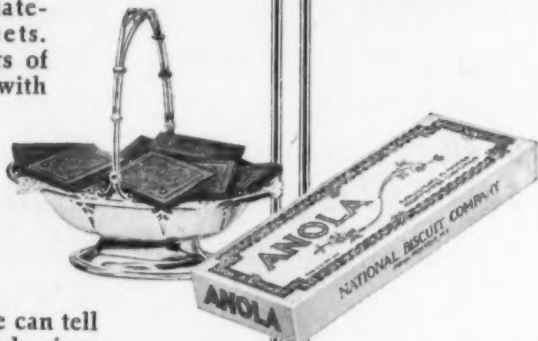
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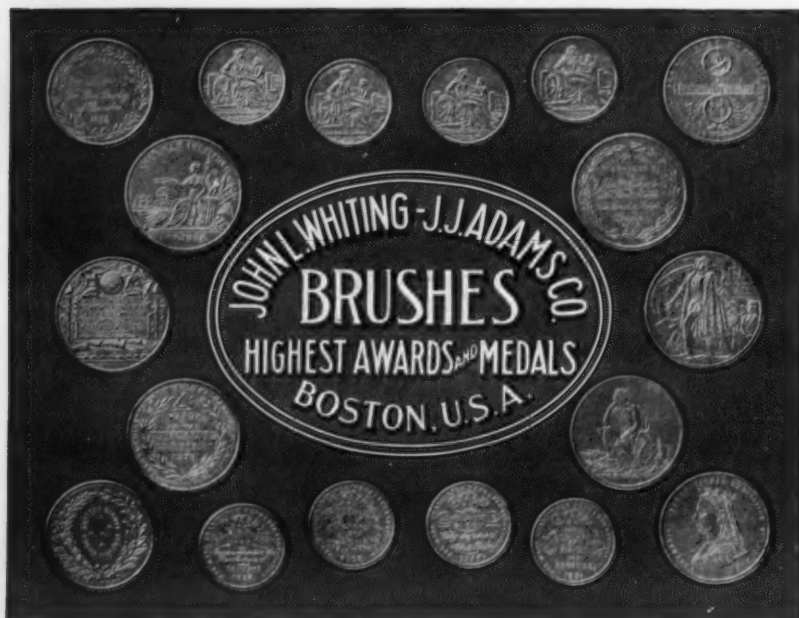
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A GARRULOUS CRITIC

THE night that David Belasco presented in Chicago "The Case of Becky," a play having to do with dual identity, two dramatic critics met in the lobby of the theatre after the second act.

"Say," inquired one, "Isn't there a medical word that describes this play—a scientific descriptive word?"

"Yes, Psychotherapeutic."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the first. "I wasn't going to write that much about the whole show."

—J. H. Jr.

NO HOPE FOR GERMANY

A Harvard sophomore told Simeon Strunsky, the essayist and war expert, that the Germans couldn't possibly win.

"The Germans," he said, "are all near-sighted and have to wear glasses. When they get their glasses broken they won't be able to see the enemy until he is so close that he can annihilate them."

Mr. Strunsky replied: "How true that is! And another thing—the Germans all smoke meerschaum pipes. In trying to keep from breaking their pipes they will move so slowly that the enemy will overwhelm them."

—C. L. E.

THE BEGGAR EXPLAINS

O brother, pause,
Ascertain the cause
Why my bank account is as thin as gauze.

I built a house, and the Law protects
All diddley-dad-blamed architects.

Mine said: "So much,
Not an extra 'touch.'"

But the plumbing bill would affright the Dutch.

And the brick went up. I was fierce
and wild,

But the blithering architect only smiled.

—J. E. M.

A PRACTICAL SERMON

"How come you look so pleased this mornin'," asked Rufe, "when dat preacher says a crap game is no place to spen' de Sunday forenoon?"

"When he mentioned crap game," Rastus replied, "Ah jes' remember whar Ah done lef' muh umbrell'."

—D. P. D.

FACTS, NOT ARGUMENTS

During the Mexican war (the real one), Parson Gaither and his North Carolina flock were not as sure as some of the belligerents in Europe are that Providence was on their side. So Parson Gaither prayed:

"O Lord, we ask that Thou be this day with our boys fightin' on foreign sille. We know some say it is an onjest war. We are not as sartain sure about that as we would like to be. We will not argy the matter with Thee, Lord, but refer Thee to the President's message and accompanyin' documents."

—T. F. K., Jr.

ALWAYS SHOP?

Last night Seattle turned out to hear Mme. Fremstad in concert. Among the rest, attended a hardware man and wife. She (sighing)—What a magnificent range!

He (absently)—Majestic.

—Mrs. A. O. M.

NOT A MISDEMEANOR

Colonel Carter had been playing golf for but three months. Therefore, when the secretary of the club saw the Colonel playing his ball several feet in front of the tee disks during a tournament he thought the veteran soldier had forgotten the rules.

"Colonel! Colonel!" he exclaimed, "you must play from behind the tee disks!"

The Colonel's face turned red but he preserved his dignity.

"It's none of your business, sah," he answered as calmly as possible, "but this is my third stroke!"

—F. B. B.

ALL HE WANTED

President Taft was making a tour of eastern Washington and in one of his speeches he waxed eloquent about the State of Washington.

"You have everything in this beautiful State that heart can desire," he said, "wonderful wheat fields, beautiful mountains and rivers, great orchards, schools, untold wealth—what more can you ask for?"

A big farmer with a slouch hat spoke up loudly:

"A new President."

—A. M. H.

CACTUS CENTER'S WAR ANALYST

Down here in Cactus Center we are far removed from strife,
But we've got the greatest expert on the military life;

He's a tenderfoot, presidin' in Bill Sawyer's printin' shack

Till the gallivantin' owner of the Cactus "Spine" pits back.

He kin take a little item—jest a rumor three lines long—

And kin stretch it to a column without workin' very strong;

He kin write of wings and centers, and of seventeen-inch Krupps,

And of all kinds of formations sence the dogs of war was pups;

He kin tell where each side blundered—where the Kaiser's feet went wrong—

How Zobrinsky of the Rooshans in strategic work is strong;

He kin tell how many fighters are beneath each leader's hand,

And he knows each country's colors, jest as cowboys know each brand.

The war expert has got us, and all local news seems small;

Unless a map goes with it, we won't look at print at all;

And Editor Bill Sawyer of the Cactus Center "Spine."

Better keep this here war expert, 'cause we think his stuff is fine.

—A. C.

SWIFT

A small henpecked little man was about to take an examination for life insurance.

"You don't dissipate, do you?" asked the physician as he made ready for tests. "Not a fast liver, or anything of that sort?"

The little man hesitated a moment, looked a bit frightened, then replied in a small, piping voice: "I sometimes chew a little gum."

—W. S.

A QUANDARY

Said Colonel Carranza,

"The enemy plans a

Complete barbecue

Whose main course is you,

So I figure we'd better run up a

white flag."

But the whole of his mob couldn't

boast a clean rag.

So what could they do?

Quien sabe? Do you?

—W. R. O.

We got the sparrow from England and the carp from Germany. Might as well remain neutral.

With department heads always attending efficiency conferences the rest of the staff just has to be efficient in order to get out the work.

A Chicago concern is advertising for experienced single men. There aren't any. Any politician can explain the difference between being defeated and yielding to a superior force.

Bacon at forty cents a pound at the butcher's costs nine cents a pound on the hoof. Bacon is procured from a hog.

—H. M. L.

Collier's will be glad to examine candidates for this page and to pay for crisp, fresh anecdotes and original humorous verse. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for the return of those unavailable, and address contributions to
HUMOR EDITOR, COLLIER'S
416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

Collier's All-Western Eleven

(Concluded from page 22)

but his amazing ability to gain ground makes him a star.

Pogue of Illinois is a fitting mate to be coupled with Maulbetsch. The light Illinois star lacks the driving power of the Michigan line plunger, but he is an ideal man for the present game—fast, elusive, and always quick to take even the smallest of openings. Pogue is one of the smartest players of the year and his eye is always looking for the main chance. The game has known few who were better at following interference, one of the main half-back requisites of winning team play.

Other good half backs were Gray of Chicago, Pliska of Notre Dame, Hamilton of Minnesota, and Macumber of Illinois. The last two named are placed upon the second All-Western eleven for their consistent work all year.

Full Back and Quarter

IN selecting a full back I failed to consider either Eichenlaub of Notre Dame or Julian of the Michigan Agricultural College.

Both are stars. But they have both played four years, and it is hardly fair to compare three-year men with four-year players who have had the advantage of that much added experience. And three years is generally recognized as the limit of play.

So with these two not considered, Solon of Minnesota, the smashing line plunger, is far beyond all competition. He was the best man in the Minnesota attack and one of the best full backs of several seasons. For two years Solon was a star end, but he was every whit as valuable back of the line where he was a fine man in the interference and exceptionally good at throwing and receiving forward passes.

Clark, the heady Illinois field general, is picked for quarter back to round out the back field. And he is a worthy mate to work with Solon, Maulbetsch and Pogue.

Clark has every requisite for the place. He was exceedingly good at selecting the proper plays. He is, in addition to this, a fine runner and a hard tackler—so beyond his generalship, a big factor, he adds speed and power to the attack and to the defense.

Hughitt of Michigan, Russell of Chicago, and Hightower of Northwestern were all first-class men, Russell ranking second to Clark by a narrow margin.

The Line

WITH an all-star back field of speed, driving power, and general ability selected, the choice of an aggressive line is next in order. There were several good centers in the West—namely, Des Jardien of Chicago, Rosenthal of Minnesota, and Raynsford of Michigan. But of these Des Jardien has the call with something to spare. He was always alert and aggressive and a star of the first magnitude, although at times slumping a trifle from carrying the added burden of the captaincy.

Rosenthal wins second place, with Raynsford close behind.

For guards we have Keeler of Wisconsin, Routh of Purdue, Chapman of Illinois, Stegeman of Chicago, and Bachman of Notre Dame among others.

Routh did exceptional work all the season. He deserves a place beyond any doubt for his many capabilities. Keeler did fine work in Wisconsin's line and while used at tackle this season, rightfully belongs at guard where he played two years. So Keeler and Routh are picked as the two best men in their positions with Chapman and Stegeman selected next in order.

These two with Des Jardien give a strong center trio in three men who are not only strong and aggressive but who are shifty and able to range in the open game. It would take a most powerful and versatile attack to hurl these three back or to throw them out of position for the play.

The Tackles

THE list of good tackles is long—above the Western yearly average. Included are Buck of Wisconsin, Halligan of Nebraska, Kirk of Iowa, Townley of Minnesota, McHale of Michigan, and

Shull of Chicago. Buck with Keeler practically did the work of all six men in the Wisconsin line. He rivals any tackle in the West, both in offensive and defensive play. He played at loose center on defense where he was able to range widely and show his speed.

He was easily the most valuable man on his team. But Halligan of Nebraska stands first in all the West as a fast, strong, and aggressive charger—one not easily boxed or swept out of the play—and a good man at breaking through.

There could be no tackle weakness certainly with Buck and Halligan at work.

In smashing interference, in nailing the runner, or in opening up wide holes these two are to be ranked with any in the land.

Kirk of Iowa and Townley of Minnesota come next. Both are good men, but a shade below the all-around effectiveness of the first two named.

The Ends

GRAVES of Illinois was the best end in the West. Although below normal weight, this young star was of unusual value. He was faster than the proverbial flash, a sure tackler and a good man at sizing up a play. And with this he was one of the best men in the game at receiving the forward pass.

So both on offense and defense Graves deserves first choice. With Graves must be placed Cherry of Ohio State. Cherry is heavier than Graves, and not quite so fast, but he is a strong, natural end, a hard man to circle or to elude. Huntington of Chicago, Stavrum of Wisconsin, Squier of Illinois, Gunderson of Iowa are all good and worthy of praise, but they are not quite as useful in taking their part with the open forward-pass game where Graves and Cherry fit in so well.

An All-Round Team

THIS All-Western eleven would be one of the best in years—a strong, fast, brainy team, capable of meeting almost any game and equally capable of offering a wide variety of attack.

To begin with, there would be no weakness in the line from end to end. Only exceptional power or exceptional speed could fight its way or work its way around these forwards.

Either at meeting the rushing game, or the open game with its forward-pass variations, this line could furnish its share of the work. And in offensive play it would be able to open up for its back field.

Nor could there be any doubt about the ability of this back field to carry on any program that might be needed to attain decisive victory.

The assaulting power of Maulbetsch and Solon would crush and crumble almost any line defense. And with a rival line drawn in and tightened to stop these two, as the rival line would soon be forced to do, Pogue and Clark would be ready for their open-field work. If these combinations were all stopped, a forward pass from Solon to Graves might open things up again.

And to plan this attack no better man than Clark could be found, for his generalship has always been of the highest order. He has the knack of picking out the weak spots and then driving different combinations through, shifting his attack when a shift is needed.

With the kicking game required, Solon and Des Jardien could alternate and get both direction and distance. And to handle a rival kicking game, Clark again would be of fine value, as he is a sure handler of punts and a good man to bring them back through a broken field as only a hard, clean tackle will bring him down. Given any start and he would be sure to get under way for long gains. Against Chicago he gathered in a kick-off and raced on through the scattered Maroon defense for a touchdown at a critical point of the battle, recalling the all-star actions of Eckersall and Steffens.

In arranging this selection many good men are, as usual, left out. But this must always be the case where there are so many of high order to pick from. Perhaps there were not quite so many



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exceptional stars as some other years have produced, but there were certainly as many or more composed of first-class football stuff.

These selections were made not only for the physical and mental abilities shown, but for hard, clean, and consistent play.

All in all, the Western game can well be proud of the courage, energy, and fine sportsmanship shown throughout its football domain—for no season has ever produced cleaner rivalry or cleaner play. And in such a season, Coach Zuppke and his fine Illinois team is again to be congratulated for having gained first honors and for having gained them by such a

wide margin and by such exceptional sportsmanship from the first game through to the last.

And the general high order of play can be understood in noting that on the All-Western eleven, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Chicago, Michigan, Nebraska, Ohio, and Purdue—eight universities—were represented, with Illinois having three men and Wisconsin two.

Beyond any doubt 1914 must stand as one of the most interesting and most advanced of all years in Western play, with an even brighter season ahead in the year to come when there will be more experienced men to work with and to show results.

For One Night

(Continued from page 12)

life the public believed she had—was a wrath. He himself was a ghost of another self, a mere shell of a man that was dead. "Help me!" he cried; "can't somebody help me? Keep it quiet! I tell you I could sleep if the house could ever be quiet! It's full of such noises!"

"I'll—keep it quiet, Alfred." She had kept it quiet for twelve years. "Alfred," she was stroking his burning head, "let me telephone Dr. Reilly—"

"Reilly! He don't know what ails me!"

"No, but he can play chess with you. It's such a quiet game. You know you don't need to talk at all—and he never scrapes his chair—you said he didn't—and he doesn't clear his throat. Then I'll hear him when he goes, and I'll sit by you and fan you or read to you—I know you'll sleep to-night! And if you don't—why, never mind. Don't you know they say now that you mustn't struggle to sleep. It really doesn't matter if you just rest."

"Rest! But I don't rest! I just keep thinking and thinking and going round and round and round and—"

"Don't, Alfred, don't dear!"

"And the weight on my head, right on top, Allice—it's so heavy! Sometimes I feel as though I could kill something! Oh!" his taut voice broke in a weary groan. "Send for him and keep it quiet!"

"I will, Alfred. You know I always have." She stood fingering the draperies, the little box hidden in her hand, and looking down at him with her anxious, weary eyes. "Alfred, I—" she hesitated and drew a deep breath—"sometimes I wonder—we have so much—everything that money can buy—and it hasn't made us happy—sometimes I wonder—"

"And for God's sake keep it quiet! There's such a noise!"

"Yes, yes, I'll try—yes. It will be quiet. And I'll come when Dr. Reilly is gone."

THEN he heard her speaking at a telephone, her voice just above a whisper—and warning Dr. Reilly to be quiet. When he came she went to her room, the gold and white room with rare lace at the mullioned windows, many gold and ivory toilet articles on the little inlaid dressing table, the wonderful bed with its golden covers, the great rug that had lain under a princess's feet.

"You may go now, Celeste, and give him to me. Give him to me!" The evasive, fearful look in her eyes was gone now, and they glowed with an inner light that comes with motherhood.

Allice Van Aden had never suffered the pains of birth. But for twelve years she had endured the agony of futile yearning for what now lay warm in her arms. Once there had been a few weeks when she had hoped. And she had bought things—she had so much money! She had not looked at them for five years; tiny blue and white jacket—the gossamer-fine, lace-trimmed dresses—crocheted shoes—blanket with forget-me-nots embroidered in the corner—little lace-trimmed pillow—But the hope was vain. And twelve years of life had gone into shielding Alfred—standing between him and the jarring shock of daily life—so that he could keep on making money. And what she wanted was this, only this!

With the child in her arms she sat down on the princess's rug (she had often wondered if that princess had had a child), a tiny key in her hand. Then she looked down into the faintly perfumed drawer, looked, wide-eyed, holding the child close. Then she tried on him everything she had bought. How would he look in this?—and this?—and, oh, in this?

The little pilgrim had, in his life, worn a great variety of clothes—pink and blue, long and short, ruffled and tucked and plain, machine and hand made; but he had never been arrayed in such soft, delicate fabrics as these. And he was the sort of jewel who needs the proper setting. He wondered not a little at himself on the various journeys to the glass wherein he was bidden to look at himself. And he wondered, too, at this woman's aims. How tightly she held him! Then there was a rattle, a little ivory rattle. There now was something better than putting on apparel. He objected a little, silently, when it had to be dipped in water, but—there, it was coming back! He was quite abandoned in his joy. He grasped it, not very politely, turned it round and round and bit at it droolingly. Then he laughed. It is called that, and yet what word describes the sound that came from his moist wonder of a mouth?

"Sh!" she whispered, and held him against her beating heart. Ah, was it like this when they laughed!

THEN it was time to get him ready for bed! She had imagined this—the tiny buttons to be found, the things to be taken off—over the head—or was it the feet? And did they all come off? What stayed on? How wonderful was his soft, downy skin! And such little arms! Why—one could break them! And there was the little hand-embroidered nightgown out of the drawer to be put on, and the blanket with the forget-me-nots in the corners. It was so cool in this house! Then Celeste with something white in a bottle. Go now, Celeste. No, you will not be needed again to-night. Then drooping eyelids as she sat by a window, watching, in the gleam of the street lamps, the wonderful miracle of a child going to sleep. What joys tore like pain at her heart! What rapture of compensation!

She held him a long time after he slept, wondering at his hands, his feet, that she held in the curve of her arm. Who had borne him? Where was she now?

And then she laid him on her bed, undressed in the dim light, and lay down beside him. She leaned on her elbow and watched him—a dream child with the shadow of the blooming magnolia trees across his face; watched the fringe of his eyelashes, the curve of his cheek; felt once more his hair, soft, like bronze silk.

It was only a night—one hour stolen out of life—it would never come again—but for this one ineffable, never-to-be-forgotten night, he was hers. She whispered a name to him. "My son, my little son!"

But she did not know when Dr. Reilly was gone. Worn out with the ever-harrowing fear of the future, with the hopeless struggle with the unknown Thing that lifted its face over her horizon—worn, too, with joy, even so fleeting—she slept beside her baby for a night.

She woke with a start in the dark hour just before morning. Away back in her mind was fear, the same old fear. Then, all at once, another thought, so unaccustomed, so elusive, it was like a fragrant breeze on the eyelids. "Why am I so happy?" She reached out her arm, felt over the bed—and found nothing. Yet he had been here! There was the faint outline of the half-open drawer—there she felt the little hollow in the pillow. She sat up, now wholly awake. She had slept! She had failed Alfred in his awful fight. And now—

She switched on a light, threw a negligee about her, and rushed to his room. He had not slept. The white counter-

pane was smooth, with crease exactly in the middle. The pillows lay side by side. Yet these four walls had inclosed a battle ground, grewsome, terrible. The heavy mahogany bed was drawn out from the wall. Chiffonier drawers stood open. A suit case lay on the Turkish rug, and she saw in it his clothing rolled tightly, each garment tied neatly with cotton strings; rare engravings from the walls—silk hangings, an Etruscan vase—all packed with care—the pitiful order of a disordered mind. The cord had snapped—and on the dresser was a little inlaid revolver.

With a stifled moan she rushed from the room and down the padded stairs. The house, mocking her with its luxury, was silent with a silence so deep, so vast, so awful, that it oppressed her like a cold, clammy hand closing about her heart. She clutched her jeweled fingers to her breast as though she would warm the awful numbness there. Money had made this home—money—money. Her gold bag lay beside a silver vase. She shuddered as she hurried by. Deep within her was an inarticulate yearning for help.

HELP? But who could help? She thought even then of the Briscoes' trouble hidden from the world by a bronze door. The Lurons, next door—George Luron was Alfred's enemy in the Great Game. So, too, were others whom they called friends. Dr. Reilly? But what had he been able to do in five years? The servants? If she uttered so much as a word it meant columns in the newspaper—and its effect on that strange, unstable thing—the market. Here, even here, in this silent house the market reached out its long, bony finger. She thought vaguely of praying as she hurried from one great room to another. In all her life she had prayed for but one thing—outside her little ivory and gold prayer book—and that had not been granted. No, there was no help. Dim, shadowy forms frightened her, and she thought she heard from somewhere a mocking laugh.

In one of the reception rooms a faint light was burning, and she could see into the drawing room. Something white on a Persian rug caught her eye. She hurried to it—the little blue and white jacket, sleeves still inflated and curved at the elbow. A blanket had been thrown over a frail cloisonné vase. Two little booties were on a bookcase. She hurried on.

In a dim corner, on the great velvet davenport, Alfred lay, holding in the curve of his arm the little pilgrim for a night. She pulled a bronze chain and turned on a tiny table lamp. They were sleeping. Alfred was breathing in long, deep, regular breaths. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, and the lines about his haggard eyes had been smoothed as by magic. Here was evident no struggle as of one who had fought the demon of wakefulness. *He had forgotten himself at last!*

She turned out the light and, wrapping the satin and lace of her gown about her, sat down beside them, keeping very quiet, with the old, old habit of years. After a while a faint light began to filter through the silken hangings, and the first sounds of the city, far off—in that other world—ushered in a new day. Other mornings—how many she remembered!—with Alfred falling into a fitful, exhausted sleep just before dawn, only to start up, maddened to fury by those same sounds. But he slept now, deeply, without the quiver of an eyelid. An hour passed. Six o'clock came, and still other noises by which is set in motion the complicated machinery of life—the sound of feet, padded feet of well-trained servants who could so torture his twitching nerves. But he did not hear them.

SEVEN o'clock. Then the child stirred, proposing to see what was going on in the world. First he found his thumb. He could think so much better thus. How beautiful it was to be always waking in a new room! There was variety for you! But this was a little different from anything else and, yes, much finer! And see! A bird! Well, not a live one maybe, but a blue bird stuck right in a blue window! He got real excited over it in a quiet, meditative sort of way.

From a distance Alice watched him. Going to sleep had been wonderful. But she never could have imagined anything like a child waking up! He went through his morning exercises and was surprised to see his tiny hands on the ends of his arms. He scowled a little at them. Yet

probably it was all right after all. Far away on the ceiling was a blue flower. He would get it! He reached—and was surprised at his empty fingers. Oh, well, let it go. He would get it some other time—He looked about. This house was lovely, oh, very lovely! There was just one thing the matter with it. It was too quiet! It needed just a little noise. If you close your lips and breathe against them in a *certain way* (only you must know how), you can make a beautiful noise. If your teeth aren't through yet, you can make a better one. He made it. And the lady didn't say "Sh!" She said "Do it again!" He did.

Alfred Van Aden opened his eyes and yawned. Alice had wished for that relaxation and she looked at it now wondering. "Whose kid?" he asked sleepily. "Yours, Alice?"

"I don't know," she whispered.

"Why, haven't you any idea? How did he get here?"

"He doesn't belong—to anybody. I just—borrowed him—just for one night—" It was very silent in the room. No sound at all save that indescribable bubbling back of the baby's moist pink lips. "How did you know, Alfred?"

"I seem to remember hearing noises," he said watching her as she took the baby in her arms and held him against the rich lace and satin at her breast—"terrible noises—and something after me—and trying to get away from it and all at once, Allie, I heard a real sound! Real crying! A little bit of a cry—but it was like a veil being torn away! I think he had—what is it they have?"

"Colic?"

"Colic! Sure! don't I know? I walked a thousand miles with him up over my shoulder. And say! I bet I know something you don't! He's got a funny hinge right here where his head hitches on and you have to keep your hand there. My arm was numb! But if I forgot and let go for a single second his head would get loose! Honest, Allie, I'm sleepy! Think I'll go up to bed now."

"Sleep here a while, dear. I want to put up some new hangings in your room this morning, and the floor needs waxing."

"He looks like you, Allie! We—we're going to keep him?"

"I—just brought him home for one night—but I wish," she could not speak more for the wild beating of her heart.

HE smiled a little, the first smile she had seen for many weeks, took a crumpled check out of his pocket and laid it in her hand. "That \$5,000," he said casually, "has been in my pocket for a good long time waiting for some doctor that knew what ailed me. I've dangled it before their eyes and offered to pay on delivery. And this just about kicked it to smithereens."

"What is it for, Alfred?" By this time the baby was endorsing the check and making moist, meditative remarks that sounded like "blub lub." "What is it for, Alfred—this money?"

"Why—well, now—don't we pay for him?" She looked at Alfred a moment, wide-eyed. "You didn't think I bought this? You didn't think all the money we've got and the Averys have got and the Briscoes and this whole drive could get together if it turned all its stocks and bonds into solid gold could buy this? Why this?"

"And there are—" he sat up a little to compass this new idea—"many of them? Thousands! I've been finding out. And we need them more than they need us! Oh, he's paid for, dear! I—wish I knew who paid."

"Well, the Averys need a—baby. Take this and get one boarded till they get back from Europe."

She buried her face in the little shoulder. She had never been a beautiful woman, but at the eyes she lifted now he drew in his breath sharply: "Allie!" he cried. "Why, Allie?"

"Do you want to kiss us good night?" She leaned over him, the child in her arms.

He smiled up at her, a bit shamefacedly, yet very happily, for all that. "In the night," he confessed, "when he was asleep at last—and I was so tired—I kissed him—Allie—here, on his forehead. I never dreamed it was like that—I don't think I can sleep now, but I'll kiss you both good night and good morning! Is the sun shining, Allie?"

"There was never a morning like it in all the world!"

"I keep thinking of him—I can't get my mind off from him—and the funny hinge in his neck. And to think you can't buy 'em with money!"



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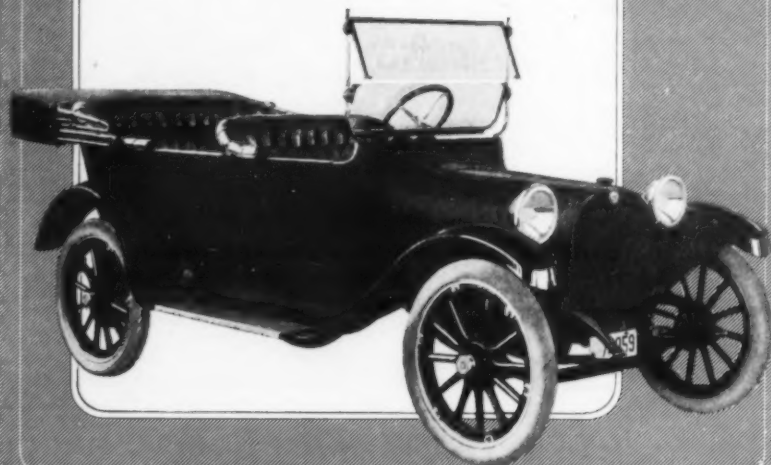
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Publications of the United States Public Health Service

The Public Health Service has a number of bulletins available for free distribution. These cover such subjects as "Sewage-Polluted Water Supplies in Relation to Infant Mortality," "Sanitary Advice for Summer Tourists," "Whooping Cough—Its Nature and Prevention," "Antimalarial Measures for Farmhouses and Plantations," "Country Schools and Rural Sanitation," "Pellagra," "The Relation of Climate to the Treatment of Pulmonary Tuberculosis," "Tuberculosis: Its Nature and Prevention," "Open-Air Schools for the Cure and Prevention of Tuberculosis," "The Citizen and Public Health," "Infant Feeding," "Disinfectants, Their Use and Application in the Prevention of Communicable Disease," and kindred matters. Many of these should prove interesting to laymen as well as to physicians and trained nurses. A full list of these bulletins (*not the bulletins themselves*) and information on how to obtain them will be sent to all those who will write to Collier's Washington Bureau, prior to December 22, 1914, 901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C. This service for Collier's readers is entirely without charge.

The Work of War

(Concluded from page 9)

paper is, of course, a godsend, and in visiting troops at the front I have invariably found that a newspaper was a far more useful passport than any *laissez passer* from the General Staff. We do not realize how the officers and men, waiting in the trenches week after week, are cut off from the news of the big operations in which they are taking such a microscopically small part. As a Tommy said to me one day: "Why, I might as well be a bloomin' insect in the middle of a bloomin' Stilton cheese for all I know of what is going on in the rest of the war or the rest of the world!" Then after a while the tobacco-supply proposition becomes a very important one. It is extraordinary what a lot of tobacco can be consumed by intrenched men in a week of inactivity or very desultory fighting. The Belgians are inveterate smokers, mainly of cigarettes. I have frequently seen them smoking when serving field guns or mitrailleuse in action, and throughout the best regulated hospital wards attendants and doctors alike could be seen going about with the eternal cigarette or cigar in their mouths.

Very Close to Life

LYING in the trenches, in the night particularly, as I have been doing for several nights during the last two months, it is strange how confidential the men lying in the straw beside you will become and what interesting life histories are unrolled. I spent a night in one of the trenches close to the bridge at Termonde, while the smoke was still rising from the ruins of what a few hours before had been the beautiful town hall. The Germans had taken possession of the ruins of this much-fought-for town during the afternoon. When the fighting had ceased about six o'clock we were surprised to hear the beautiful carrillon ring out, the silvery-toned bells sounding wonderfully sweet across the swift and silent flowing waters of the Scheldt. The Germans kept ringing them for about half an hour and then there was silence, and shortly after, to the horror of us on-lookers, we saw a glow around the town hall and presently tongues of flame darting from the windows, which soon increased to a huge conflagration, which burned and glowed across the river throughout the night. The Belgians had burned down the bridge, but the Germans from the opposite bank kept up a constant sniping which made sleep well-nigh impossible. The men beside me kept telling of their experiences during the war, and pretty lurid stories they were. One belonged to Louvain and had no news for a month of his young wife and two children or whether his little chateau still stood. Another came from Liege, another from Malines. The last that he had heard of his wife was that she had been sent off to Aix-la-Chapelle. A young noncommissioned officer beside me said that there was one way in which, if he got through the war, it might do him some good. He had been for a long time in love with a very pretty and attractive girl, but her father would not allow him to marry her, as he was too firmly addicted to the cup that cheers and likewise inebriates. Notwithstanding various good resolutions and innumerable new leaves turned over, he never succeeded in reaching the standard of continuous sobriety which his father-in-law considered essential. Since the outbreak of war, however, there had been for him a period of enforced abstinence, and now he said he felt perfectly confident that he would never drink again and that if he lived through the war he would be able to marry his Henriette. By the light of a match he showed me her photograph, and, from what I saw of it, the only surprising thing was that he had not gone on the water wagon for her sake even without the assistance of the enforced abstinence of a campaign.

The Death of Beauty

IT seemed a long night of waiting, the outer seen through a narrow slit, the Venetian blind interval aperture, the porthole of our trench. The swift-flowing river in the foreground, the glowing embers of the Hôtel de Ville of Termonde making ruddy tracks across the surface. A sunset effect, the sunset of great art work, the thought of a great artist, of a great architect whose art seems lost in the modern materialism of

our time. We do not realize what we are losing in this destruction of the great art structures of Flanders. Men are killed, but men remain alive with women enough to breed boy children to replace the gaps in this vast mortality of war. But in the great art works of Flanders, with every pyre that mushrooms to the sky we must feel that at its base lies something in charred ashes that can never be replaced. Next year the women of Flanders can increase the population with perfect babies; the belfry of Termonde can never be re-born. The rush and hustle of our materialized civilization seems to have robbed us of that repose which is necessary for the production and development of great art. I was at the little town of Oudenarde ten days ago, and after the feast of seeing the town hall there, which is a delicate dream of the loveliest Gothic architecture, I then journeyed along to see the big cathedral standing severe and superb, its base half concealed by little houses nestling round it. It stood up, however, as a great Gibraltar of architecture, severe, weather-stained, majestic, the old stone of it weather-beaten into a fine, hollow, gray tint. The town being almost deserted and the church closed, it was with considerable difficulty that I found entrance; and then what a pity I succeeded! The interior had been restored—and what a sacrilege of restoration it was! Tawdry painting, plaster facing over venerable pillars, stenciled painting over smooth walls in the sanctuaries of the chapels. This is what the modern artists of Belgium consider restoration. Herein lies the agony of Belgium, the agony of art throughout the world. There are things which can never be restored. What was of modern Belgium, or what will be, is great at railway building, turning out machinery, making the things of life comfortable and cheap—telephones, typewriters, bicycles—but never, never again until the end of the world will Flanders or the world be able to replace the art works in stone, in glass, or in painting that have been destroyed by the Germans during the last eighty days. There is a lot of waiting about war, but the worst waiting is for that which never can come back.

Envoys of Mercy

A FEW weeks ago I was thrown into a company with a lot of people—an English corps of ambulance workers—whose only worry it was that they were weary from waiting for wounded. It was more or less an amateur corps, but, unlike many others, it was out for genuine work. I used to chaff some of them about their bloodthirsty desire for wounded and impress on them the maxim that the action of war largely consisted in waiting, and that wounded, like other things, would come to them who knew how to wait. Sure enough, for the last few weeks they have not uttered a whisper of complaint. The waiting, in fact, has been done by the wounded, and great good work has been done by these English ladies and young doctors, who have had the pluck to go out and find men grievously and badly wounded, who lay waiting for those who had courage enough to bring them back from the fighting line to the nearest Red Cross ambulance. At Grimbergen I can vouch for two instances where a very gallant officer and his comrade were found at six o'clock in the evening and brought back, who had been under the rain, lying helpless from nine o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening waiting for some one to succor them. They were found by an English doctor and a plucky little English girl, who, bless her heart! hates publicity, and carried back with great difficulty to a Red Cross wagon, while otherwise they could not have waited through the night.

Publicity is one of the penalties of pluck, however. Her name is Lady Dorothy Fielding, and Dr. Hector Munro was the organizer of that corps which did such excellent work.

Perhaps the worst waiting in this war is that of those at home waiting for news of those who are dear to them—Belgian men whose wives they have not heard of since Louvain and similar towns occupied by the Germans. Mothers and wives and sisters who, through weary weeks, have heard no tidings of their menkind, and the women who wait awake through the long morning hours for the daily paper to scan therein the roll of honor.

Senator Phelan Speaks for Himself

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I HAVE noticed in a recent number of COLLIER'S a comment and challenge. On the authority of "a resident of Brawley, Cal.," you attribute to me these words: "California needs a Democratic Senator who can bring home the bacon from a Democratic Administration."

I beg to inform you that I used no such language at any time during the campaign. Brawley is a city in the Imperial Valley, which has been redeemed from a desert within the last ten years, by taking water from the Colorado River, and putting four hundred thousand acres under cultivation. The Colorado River is subject to overflow, and threatens to devastate this very productive country. To restrain it is a gigantic undertaking. The Federal Government has, in other states, notably the Mississippi Valley, under its policy of internal improvements, protected extensive areas. The Colorado River runs through Mexico, and therefore involves an international question; and, in fact, the diverting dam, in this instance, is located in Mexico.

Without any specification of details, I have promised to aid the people of Imperial Valley. I have no familiarity with "bacon," nor the "pork barrel."

Doubtless the Federal Government has been grossly imposed upon in the past, and, on the other hand, there are many meritorious propositions which suffer by the porcine political propensities of men in power; but I challenge COLLIER'S to show that California has been the beneficiary of the "pork barrel," or that any of her projects are without substantial merit. I think it is time enough to criticize a Senator-elect when he takes a definite stand in favor of a specific appropriation. In a general way, I know now that the Imperial Valley is entitled to Federal aid, and I do not assume that COLLIER'S has even ventured to gainsay it. It is an empire in itself, which its pioneers have given to the nation at great sacrifice and cost. They have added a page of real achievement to the marvelous history of the West, which is a common heritage, and belongs to the nation. The West is not foreign territory, and the wisdom of Woodrow Wilson's Administration has realized it. The land is being preserved and safeguarded for countless millions of men.

You must distinguish between political "pork" and legitimate appropriations. Needless and wasteful appropriations of public money shall always meet my condemnation. JAMES D. PHELAN.

The Truce of God

(Continued from page 7)

been gone since the spring. She may not love me now."

"She will love you. It is the way of mothers—to keep on loving."

"I am still a girl."

"You are still her child."

But seeing that she trembled, he put his ragged cloak about her and talked to comfort her, although his muscles ached for sleep.

He told her a fable of the countryside, of that abbot who, having duly served his God, died and appeared at the heavenly gates for admission. "A slave of the Lord," he replied when asked his name. But he was refused. So he went away and labored seven years again at good deeds and returned. "A servant of the Lord," he called himself, and again he was refused. Yet another seven years he labored and came in all humility to the gate. "A child of the Lord," said the abbot, who had gained both wisdom and humility. And the gates opened.

ALL that day came peasants up the hill with their Christmas dues of one fowl out of eight, of barley and wheat. The courtyard had assumed the appearance of a great warehouse. Those that were prosperous came a-riding, hissing geese and chickens and grain in bags across the saddle. The poorer trudged afoot.

Among the latter came the girl Joan of the market square. She brought no grain, but fowls only, and of these but two. She took the steep ascent like a thoroughbred, muscles working clean under glowing skin, her deep bosom rising evenly, trending like a queen among the clutter of peasants.

And when she was brought into the great hall her head went yet higher. It pleased the young seigneur to be gracious. But he eyed her much as he had eyed the great horse that morning before he cut it with the whip. She was but a means to an end. Such love and tenderness as were in him had gone out to the gentle wife he had put away from him, and had died—of Clotilde.

So Charles apprised her and found her, although but a means, very beautiful. Only the bishop turned away his head.

"Joan," said Charles, "do you know why I have sent for you?"

The girl looked down. But although she quivered, it was not with fright.

"I do, sire."

Something of a sardonic smile played around the seigneur's mouth. The but-terfly came too quietly to the net.

"We are but gloomy folk here, rough soldiers and few women. It has been in my mind—" Here he saw the bishop's averted head, and scowled. What had been in his mind he forgot. He said: "I would have you come willingly, or not at all."

At that she lifted her head and looked

at him. "You know I will come," she said. "I can do nothing else, but I do not come willingly, my lord. You are asking too much."

The bishop turned his head hopefully. "Why?"

"You are a hard man, my lord."

If she meant to anger him, she failed. They were not soft days. A man hid such tenderness as he had under grimness, and prayed in the churches for phlegm.

"I am a fighting man. I have no gentle ways." Then a belated memory came to him. "I give no tenderness and ask none. But such kindness as you have, lavish on the child Clotilde. She is—much alone."

With the mention of Clotilde's name came a vision: Instead of this splendid peasant wench he seemed to see the graceful and drooping figure of the woman he had put away because she had not borne him a son. He closed his eyes, and the girl, taking it for dismissal, went away.

When he opened them there was only the fire and the dogs about it, and the bishop, who was preparing to depart.

"I shall not stay, my lord," said the bishop. "The thing is desecration. No good can come from such a bond. It is Christmas and the Truce of God, and yet you do this evil thing."

So the bishop went, muffled in a cloak, and mantled with displeasure. And with him, now that Clotilde had fled, went all that was good and open to the sun from the gray castle of Charles the Fair.

AT evening Joan came again, still afoot, but now clad in her best. She came alone, and the men at the gates, instructed, let her in. She gazed around the courtyard with its burden of grain that had been crushed out of her people below, with its loitering soldiers and cackling fowls, and she shivered as the gates closed behind her.

She was a good girl, as the times went, and she knew well that she had been brought up the hill as the stallion that morning had been driven down. She remembered the cut of the whip, and in the twilight of the courtyard she stretched out her arms toward the little town below, where the old man her father lived in semidarkness, and where on that Christmas evening the women were gathered in the churches to pray.

Having no seasonable merriment in himself, Charles surrounded himself that night with cheer. A band of wandering minstrels had arrived to sing, the great fire blazed, the dogs around it gnawed the bones of the Christmas feast. But when the troubadours would have sung of the Nativity, he bade them in a great voice to have done. So they sang of war, and, remembering his cousin Philip, his eyes blazed.

You Want to Know the Merits of the Great War, of Course

What you get in the newspaper is only the story of *one day*, or of a few hours of one day, and imperfect at that.

You cannot understand this war by reading a newspaper any more than you can appreciate a symphony or an opera by seeing in print a bar or a phrase from it.

To understand the present or to forecast the future you have got to know something about the past.

You don't hire office help without learning something of the

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When Joan came, he motioned her to a seat beside him, not on his right hand, but on his left, and there he let her sit without speech. But his mind was working busily. He would have a son, and the King would legitimize him. Then let Philip go hang. These lands of his as far as the eye could reach and as far again would never go to him.

The minstrels sang of war, and of his own great deeds, but there was no one of them with so beautiful a voice as that of the fool, who could sing only of peace.

Their songs soothed his hurt pride. This was he: these things he had done. If the bishop had not turned sour and gone, he would have heard what they sang. He might have understood, too, the craving of his warrior soul for a warrior son, for one to hold what he had gathered at such cost. Back always to this burning hope of his.

JOAN sat on his left hand and went hot and cold, hot with shame and cold with fear. So now, his own glory as a warrior commencing to pall on him, Charles would have more tribute, this time as lord of peace. He would celebrate this day of days, and at the same time throw a sop to Providence.

He would release the Jew.
The troubadours sang louder; fresh liquor was passed about; Charles waited.

He remembered Clotilde then. She should see him do this noble thing. Since her mother had gone she had shrunk from him. Now let her see how magnanimous he could be. He, the seigneur, who held life and death in his hands, would this day give, not death, but life.

Being not displeased with himself, he turned at last toward Joan and put a hand over hers. "You see," he said. "I am not so hard a man. By this Christian act shall I celebrate your arrival."

But the Jew did not come. The singers learned the truth, and sang with watchful eyes. The seigneur's anger was known to be mighty, and to strike close at hand. Guillem, the jaller, had been waiting for the summons.

News had come to him late in the afternoon that had made him indifferent to his fate. The girl Joan, whom he loved, had come up the hill at the overlord's summons. So, instead of raising an alarm, Guillem had waited sullenly. Death, which yesterday he would have blenched to behold, now beckoned him. When he was brought in, he stood with folded arms and asked no mercy.

"He is gone, my lord," said Guillem, and waited. He did not glance at the girl. "Gone?" said Charles. Then he laughed, such laughter as turned the girl cold.

"Gone, earth clod? How now? Perhaps you too wished to give a hostage to fortune, to forestall me in mercy?"

He turned to the girl beside him. "You see," he said, "to what lengths this spirit of the Holy Day extends itself. Our friend here—" Then he saw her face and knew the truth.

The smile set a little on his lips. "Why, then," he said to the jaller, "such mercy should have its reward." He turned to Joan. "What say you? Shall I station him at your door, sweet lady, as a guard of honor?"

Things went merrily after that, for Guillem drew a knife, and made, not for the seigneur, but for Joan. The troubadours feared to stop singing without a signal, so they sang through white lips. The dogs gnawed at their bones and the seigneur sat and smiled, showing his teeth. Guillem, finally unhandled, stood with folded arms and waited for death.

"It is the time of the Truce of God," said the seigneur softly, and knowing that death would be a boon, sent him off unhurt.

The village, which had eaten full, slept early. Down the hill at nine o'clock came half a dozen men at arms on horseback and clattered through the streets. Word went about quickly. Great oaken doors were unbarred to the news:

"The child Clotilde is gone," they cried through the streets. "Up and arm. The child Clotilde is gone."

Joan, deserted, sat alone in the great hall. For the seigneur was gone, riding like a madman. Flying through the Market Square, he took the remains of the great fire at a leap. He had but one thought. The Jew had stolen the child; therefore, to find the Jew.

In the blackest of the night he found him, sitting by the road, bent over his staff. The eyes he raised to Charles were haggard and weary. Charles reined his

horse back on his haunches, his men at arms behind him.

"What have you done with the child?"

"The child?"

"Out with it," cried Charles and flung himself from his horse. If the Jew were haggard, Charles was more so, hard bitten of terror, pallid to the lips.

"I have seen no child. That is—" he hastened to correct himself, seeing Charles's face in the light of a torch—"I was released by a child—a girl. I have not seen her since."

He spoke with the simplicity of truth. In the light of the torches, Charles's face went white. "She released you?" he repeated slowly. "What did she say?"

"She said: 'It is the birthday of our Lord,'" repeated the Jew slowly, out of his weary brain. "And I am doing a good deed."

"Is that all?" The Jew hesitated.

"Also she said: 'But you do not love our Lord.'"

Charles swore under his breath. "And you?"

"I said but little. I—"

"What did you say?"

"I said that her Lord was also a Jew."

He was fearful of giving offense, so he hastened to add: "It was by way of comforting the child. Only that, my lord."

"She said nothing else?" The seigneur's voice was dangerously calm.

THE Jew faltered. He knew the gossip of the town. "She said—she said she wished two things, my lord. To be a boy and—to see her mother."

Then Charles lifted his face to where the stars were growing dim before the uprising of the dawn, and where, as far away as the eye could reach and as far again, lay the castle of his cousin Philip of the Black Beard. And the rage was gone out of it. For suddenly he knew that, on that feast of mother and child, Clotilde had gone to her mother, as unerringly as an arrow to its mark.

And with the rage died all the passion and pride. In the eyes that had gazed at Joan over the parapet, and that now turned to the east, there was reflected the dawning of a new day.

The castle of Philip the Black lay in a plain. For as much as a mile in every direction the forest had been sacrificed against the loving advances of his cousin Charles. Also about the castle was a moat in which swam noisy geese and much litter. When, shortly after dawn, the sentry at the drawbridge saw a great horse with a double burden crossing the open space he was but faintly interested. A belated peasant with his Christmas dues, perhaps. But when, on the lifting of the morning haze, he saw that the horse bore two children and one a girl, he called another man to look.

"Troubadours, by the sound," said the newcomer. For the fool was singing to cheer his lack of breakfast. "Coming empty of belly, as come all troubadours."

But the sentry was dubious. Minstrels were a slothful lot, averse to the chill of early morning. And when the pair came nearer and drew up beyond the moat, the soldiers were still at a loss. The fool's wandering eyes and tender mouth bespoke him no troubadour, and the child rode with head high like a princess. "I have come to see my mother," Clotilde called, and demanded admission, clearly.

Here were no warriors, but a fool and a child. So they let down the bridge and admitted the pair. But they raised the bridge at once again, against the loving advances of Philip's cousin Charles.

BUT once in the courtyard, Clotilde's courage began to fail her. Would her mother want her? Prayer had been unavailing and she was still a girl. And, at first, it seemed as though her fears had been justified, although they took her into the castle kindly enough, and offered her food which she would not eat and piled her with questions which she could not answer. "I want my mother," was the only thing they could get out of her. Her little body was taut as a string, her lips tight. They offered her excuses; the lady mother slept; now she was rising and must be clothed. And then at last they told her, because of the hunted look in her eyes. "She is ill," they said. "Wait but a little and you shall see her."

Deadly despair had Clotilde in its grasp then. They were gentle with her, but never before had her mother refused her the haven of her outheld arms. Besides, they lied. Their eyes were shifty. She could see in their faces that they kept something from her.

Philip, having confessed himself over-



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night, by candlelight, was at mass when the pair arrived. Three days one must rot of peace, and those three days, to be not entirely lost, he prayed for success against Charles.

He knelt stiffly in his cold chapel, and made his supplications; but was not too engrossed to hear the drawbridge chains, and to prick up his ears to the clatter of the gray horse.

So, having received communion, he made short shrift of what remained to be done, and got to his feet.

The abbot, whose offices were finished, had also heard the drawbridge chains and let him go.

When he saw Clotilde, he frowned and then smiled. He had sons, but no daughter, and he would have set her on his shoulder. But she drew away haughtily.

So Philip sat in a chair and watched her with a curious smile playing about his lips. Surely enough to make him smile, that he should play host to the wife and daughter of his cousin Charles.

Because of that, and of a thing that he knew, and with a twinkle in his eyes, Black Phillip alternately watched the child, and from a window the plain which was prepared against his cousin. And, as he had expected, at ten o'clock in the morning came Charles and six men at arms, riding like demons, and jerked up their horses at the edge of the moat.

Phillip, still with the smile under his black beard, went out to greet them.

"Well met, cousin," he called. "You ride fast and early."

Charles eyed him with feverish eyes.

"Truce of God," he said, sulkily from across the moat. And then: "We seek a runaway, the child Clotilde."

"I shall make inquiry," said Phillip, velling the twinkle under his heavy brows. "In such a season many come and go."

But in his eyes Charles read the truth, and breathed with freer breath.

They lowered the drawbridge again with a great creaking of windlass and chain, and Charles with his head up rode across. But his men at arms stood their horses squarely on the bridge so that it could not be raised, and again Phillip smiled into his beard.

Charles dismounted stiffly. He had been a night in the saddle and his horse staggered with fatigue. In Phillip's courtyard, as in his own, were piled high the Christmas fitties.

"A good year," said Phillip agreeably, and indicated the dues. "Peaceful times, eh, cousin?"

But Charles only turned to see that his men kept the drawbridge open, and followed him into the house. Once inside, however, he turned on Phillip fiercely.

"I am not here of my own desire. It appears that both my wife and child find sanctuary here."

"Tut," said Phillip good-naturedly. "It is Christmas season, man, and a Sunday. We will not quarrel as to the why of your coming."

"Where is she?"

"Your wife or Clotilde?"

Now all through the early morning Charles had longed for one as for the other. But there was nothing of that in his voice. "Clotilde," he said.

"I will make inquiry if she has arrived," mumbled Phillip into his beard, and went away.

So it came about that Charles was alone when he saw the child and caught her up in his hungry arms. As for Clotilde, her fear died at once in his embrace. When Phillip returned he found them thus and coughed discreetly. So Charles released the child and put her on her feet.

"I have," said Phillip, "another member of your family under my roof as to whom you have made no inquiry."

"I have secured that for which I came," said Charles haughtily.

But his eyes were on Phillip and a question was in them. Phillip, however, was not minded to play Charles's game, but his own, and that not too fast.

"In that event, cousin," he replied, "let the little maid eat and then take her away. And since it is a Sunday and the Truce of God, we can drink to the Christmas season. Even quarreling dogs have intervals of peace."

So perforce, because the question was still in his heart if not in his eyes, Charles drank with his cousin and enemy Phillip, but with his hand in that small hand of Clotilde's which was so like her mother's.

Phillip's expansiveness extended itself

to the men at arms who still sat woodenly on the drawbridge. He sent them hot liquor, for the day was cold, and at such intervals as Charles's questioning eyes were turned away, he rubbed his hands together furtively, as a man with a secret. "A prosperous year," said Phillip.

Charles grunted.

"We shall have snow before night," said Phillip.

"Humph!" said Charles and glanced toward the sky, but made no move to go. "The child is growing."

To this Charles made no reply whatever and Phillip bleated on. "Her mother's body," he said, "but your eyes and hair, cousin."

Charles could stand no more. He pushed the child away and rose to his feet. Phillip, to give him no tithe of advantage, rose too.

"Now," said Charles squarely, "where is my wife? Is she hiding from me?"

Then Phillip's face must grow very grave and his mouth set in sad lines.

"She is ill, Charles. I would have told you sooner, but you lacked interest."

Charles swallowed to steady his voice.

"How—ill?"

"A short and violent illness," said Phillip. "All of last night the women have been with her, and this morning—"

He glanced toward the window. "I was right, as you see cousin. It is snowing."

Charles clutched him by the arm and jerked him about. "What about this morning?" he roared.

"Snow on Christmas," mused Phillip, "promises another prosperous year."

Then having run his quarry to earth, he showed mercy.

"Would you like to see her?"

CHARLES swallowed again, this time his pride. "I doubt if she cares to see me."

"Probably not," said Phillip. "Still a few words— She is a true woman, and kindly. Also it is a magnanimous season. But you must tread softly and speak fair. This is no time for a high hand."

Charles, perforce, must promise mildness. He made the concession with poor grace, but he made it. And in Phillip's eyes grew a new admiration of this hulking cousin and enemy, who ate his pride for a woman. At the door of an upper room he stood aside.

"Softly," he said through his beard. "No harsh words. Send the child in first."

So Phillip went ponderously away and left Charles to cool his heels and wait. As he stood there sheepishly he remembered many things with shame—Joan, and the violence of the last months, and the bishop's averted head. For now he knew one thing, and knew it well. The lady of his heart lay in that quiet room beyond; and the devils that had fought in him were dead of a Christmas peace.

Little cries came to him, Clotilde's soft weeping, and another voice that thrilled him, filled with the wooing note that is in a mother's voice when she speaks to her child. But it was a feeble voice, and its weakness struck terror to his soul. What was this thing for which he had cast her away, now that he might lose her? His world shook under his feet. His cousin and enemy was, willy-nilly, become his friend. His world, which he had thought was his own domain, as far from his castle as the eye could reach and as far again, was in an upper room of Phillip's house, and dying, perhaps.

But she was not dying. They admitted him in time to save his pride, for he was close to distraction. And, being admitted, he saw only the woman he had put away.

He went straight to his wife's bed and dropped on his knees beside it. Not for his life could he have spoken then. Inarticulate things were in his mind, remorse and the loneliness of the last months, and the shame of the girl Joan.

He caught her hand to him and covered it with kisses.

"I have tried to live without you," he said, "and death itself were better."

WHEN she did not reply, but lay back, white to the lips, he rose and looked down at her.

"I can see," he said, "that my touch is bitterness. I have merited nothing else. So I shall go again, but this time, if it will comfort you, I shall give you the child Clotilde—not that I love her the less, but that you deserve her the more."

Then she opened her eyes, and what he saw there brought him back to his knees with a cry.

"I want only your love, my lord, to make me happy," she said. "And now,



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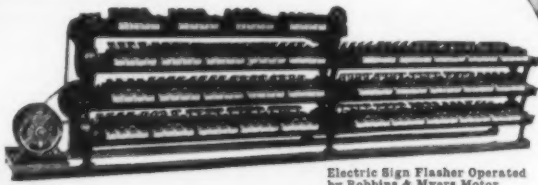
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see how the birthday of our Lord has brought us peace." She drew down the covering a trifle, close to his bent head, and showed the warm curve of her arm. "Unto us also is born a son, Charles."

"I have wanted a son," said Charles the Fair, "but more than a son have I wanted you, heart of my heart."

Outside in the courtyard the fool had drawn a circle about him.

"I am adventuring," he said. "Yesterday I caught this horse when the others ran from him. Then I saved a lady and brought her to her destination. This being the Christmas season and a Sunday, I shall rest here for a day." He threw out his chest magnificently. "But tomorrow I continue on my way."

"Can you fight?" They batted him.

"I can sing," he replied. And he threw back his head with its wandering eyes and tender mouth and sang:

*Lady, flower of all thing,
Rosa sine spina,
That bearest Jesus, Heaven-King,
Gracia Divina.*

Tolley's Ledge

(Continued from page 21)

Thick-skulled was a term of admiration that the baby's shapely little round head justified.

For most of two days he slept, a confiding baby, at home in a world lined with love for him, and then came the time when he lifted up his voice, a splendid lot of it, and said what he wanted.

ONCE he was born, and Noella had acquitted herself so nobly, Tolley's Ledge had been at ease about the Carter family. They were not used to women who so far failed in gracious womanhood as to have no milk for the babies they brought into the world. Any haunting, horrible chills of fear that may have visited Noella were the secret of her soul. She was so instructed and wise and devoted, had achieved so much, had manipulated so skillfully the coarse, monotonous food, but—what dark mistake was at the root of all her existence? God of Mary the Mother, what did her knowledge, her bravery, her devotion count, if, miserable abortion of a woman, she could make no milk for her son! Her son had only his mother to look to, no other help for him in all this awful white wild world, and his mother was failing him. Noella, her black hair wet on her brow, her wide dark eyes delirious bright, still kept a dead-game sport's hold on herself, hoping, hoping, and praying while she listened to the loud, angry, outraged demands of her little lord—confident yet he was: it was a question of being heard his instinct told him. Oh, his mother heard him; though he was carried beyond a log wall, and a shut and blanket-hung door. She would have heard him she thought though she lay in that little stark graveyard yonder deep under the snow. She must go with him there when he went. She was no use to him, his mother was no mother, but what would she be to stay on in the warmth and with food to eat, and let the brave little betrayed man fare forth to his grave alone?—then she would grasp herself hard, and force an illusion of sanity, and hope and pray; searching the imprisoning universe the while for some resource, some way to feed a motherless new-born child. All the time she listened for those commanding yells to become fainter.

YOU will not doubt that others too, that tortured lover and father, and the kind neighbor women canvassed every bitter, barren chance; but I will tell you that all Tolley's Ledge, every man jack on it, was questing with them. The one command Noella still kept was against killing her baby before his time with impossible experiments. There were stories going about of such; and one unverified tradition of an Indian baby that had lived on sugar and water till something, no one knew what, had happened. Maybe this plucky wee fighter was to defeat Destiny some such way; maybe that was what this whisper of faith deep in the girl's darkened soul meant?

It was three years since a baby had been born at Tolley's Ledge; there seemed no mother of a suckling in all that bitter world; the very wolves brought forth their kind at a softer season.

Yet if the questing boy and girl had not been pain blind, they might have noted a queer uncertainty in some hopeless answers, an odd scrutiny of themselves in the answerers' eyes. Tolley's



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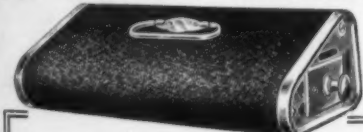
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Ledge was quick with the great problem, the great responsibility. It was become a common problem, a common responsibility. Any baby has a pull—literature from the illad to "Tom Jones" and the last magazine witnesses that biological truth: still a good many babies had died around the Ledge in their time, the way babies do in rude, healthy places: to have one starve must always be tough, pshan tough, but believe me, it was not every baby who would have knotted these men's heartstrings the way this one did.

"He's got a right to live, and he knows it," swore Jerry Boles when Jim Simmons had given his report after some eighty hours. Jim the self-important, always so eager to shine, was looked up to now as the head fountain of news—and poor Jim did not even notice his own eminence. "She ain't goin' to have no milk," he sung out querulously like a man whose nerves are twitching, "and the sooner some one gets off on the trail to George's the better, that's what I say."

It was the first time this impending expedition had been openly named.

"I kin snowshoe better than any you growed men," said Nicky Tweedy, steady and modest, but very wishful.

"That's the plain fact, Nicky," said Jerry Boles, "and you and Pert Reynolds is the ones to go. And God's mercy go with you. May you find it all right, and if necessary I'm hopin' He'll soften up George and Sally. I'm skeert it'll be up to Him to do it. George don't only forgive for seventy times seven, but he don't even see as he's got anythin' to forgive. But he's terrible crank-twisted steadfast when his feelin's is hurt some ways. Course Sally's like any other man's woman, outdoin' him when he's feedin' his animosities."

"They's few as ever got George's ill will," some one began.

BUT Jerry overrode all passing talk to tacitly call the meeting to order, that everybody might understand the necessity of saying nothing to the geologer, of letting no hint of any unsure hope of help reach that racked mother—sunk now was that mother in automatic prayer: Oh, don't you believe a prayer wheel may not be a medium for the soul's travail; Noella would have turned one now, hour after hour with patient frenzy, though the while she had seemed to herself as one already dead.

Torturing the Carters with intolerable suspense was forbidden, but everyone else on Tolley's Ledge went dry mouthed under it. Even the Carters' Chinaman and the cousin who had come up with him to pan the old gold diggings for tailings, even this exotic pair stood shivering before the Carters' silent door as the snowshoed men came by (Nicky Tweedy was a man at last). The white men gave them greeting, scarcely more than a batting of the eyes, and were so greeted in return, but in that microscopic exchange I tell you the gulf between white and yellow was ignored as never before since the first gold hunters drove the eagles off the Ledge.

Mrs. Simmons had let all the Ledge know that there Chinaman of the Carters had mighty high quit eatin' and wanted to quit cookin' for anybody but Mrs. Carter. It looked, said she, as if he fair hated the sight of victuals the same as any Christian. And the Ledgers warmed to a heathen who choked on the food that choked them.

OH, make of it what you like, blind instinct, or God-given magnanimity glorifying our dust (or both, both), we would not any of us be here if the need to succor our young did not outery all others in human breasts. And here on this lonely mountain-high snow-bound little granite shelf, where only a score of human beings stood the winter's savage siege together, here, at last, something of the "illusion of separateness" passed, the mystic oneness of all of us touched big hearts, and that black-headed baby man starving up there in the Carters' cabin was their baby, and the shame of the world's inhospitality was their shame, and the imperious call to feed him pierced them—only—Nicky Tweedy and Pert Reynolds sped on to George Horne's.

Not till they came into the dooryard clearing could they be seen from the house. George Horne himself flung out of the door—"Hullo, Boys," and fell nimbly to helping stiffened fingers with snowshoe thongs—a grizzled, curly-haired barrel-bult man, but cat quick, cat supple for all the girth and the grizzle; little fat went to that stockiness—

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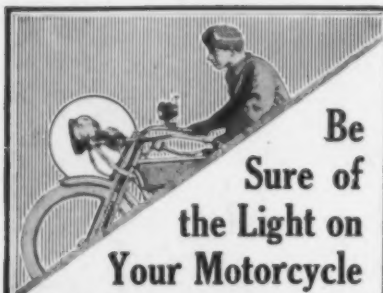
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God pity the simple swatter who took it George Horne was fat.

"How's Sally?" Pert Reynolds's solicitude sharpened his eyes.

"All right, everything went first rate—in with you. Got a girl weighed eight pounds."

"How o-old?" Nicky Tweedy stumbled feet and tongue, while his uneasy gaze searched the room he entered; nobody was in the big quilt-spread feather bed. Nicky was eased of pent-up breath before George Horne answered: "Most two weeks, I guess. Say, did you two old scouts come up here to find out about Sally?"

Alas! at the thought George Horne's voice warmed to them like an embrace. Pert and Nicky were no Talleyrands of diplomacy, but, bless you, they saw quick enough that it was a sad predicament to have so misled any man alive in such a case as this. But who'd ever have thought of his taking it that way?

"N-n-n-no, 'cept, 'cept"—Nicky Tweedy was in an agony of stuttering determination to set things right, fit to make you break his neck. Pert Reynolds cut him off as sharp as if a look and a clinched word had broken his neck.

"Set down," said George Horne, grown grimly watchful. "Sally's making you some coffee."

SALLY, square built, neat, with her baby on her back and braided hair falling forward, came in carrying a big coffepot. Pert Reynolds was making a straight, unhappy, desperate dive at telling his business. "Good Lord," he was walling within his own breast, "has this yer Carter baby got to perish for a slip-bye chance like this here, and after George has held up all the downfallen since I can remember?"

"We talked 'bout bringin' the baby along, but seen' we didn't know nothin' how it was with Sally, and as you 'n him"—he was glad to drown that sentence in the coffee Sally handed him; after all the cat was out of the bag, and he didn't know no kind of talk as would help out now. The cloud on George's open countenance had not lifted since he had been undeceived as to the Ledgers' solicitude about his wife; it seemed as if something childlike in the big man had turned childishly resentful. "Sally's got her hands full; it might kill my baby. That chap's made his bed with me—"

"Get up," said Sally to her lord and master, and when wonderingly he rose, she deftly whisked the bearskin from the bench where he had sat; she laid it atop the bearskin by the bed. "Got 'nuther," said she to Pert, "crust good?" Both visitors nodded a rapturous assent as if afraid speech might shatter a dawning dream; their faces were divinely comic battle grounds of hope and fear; but George was blustering: "Sally, what are you thinking about? You're not—"

"Shut up," said Sally, simple and inevitable as gravitation.

HER husband gave one stare at the square, faithful figure, and then a great laugh cleared the air, George Horne fashion. "Sally, you forgot to be an Injun that time," he triumphed. Everybody knew how Sally with more education than most white folks around, clung to Indian fashions.

"No Indian woman's going to let a baby starve when she's got milk. Nor no

other woman." Then commanding him, "Give 'em somethin' to eat. Not much. Can't wait,"—she put it to the shining pair; they all but caroled their agreement and understanding.

"Won't make a damned bit of difference whether you do or not," shouted George Horne, and all comprehended an about-face; he was going to pull his own wife and baby to meet his enemy and the enemy's wife and baby! This was magnificent, but don't imagine it reinstated him at the head of his own house; Oh, no; Sally, hitherto as silent and submissive as any full breed, Sally was running things now; quiet, sagacious, efficient, she showed no faintest notion of deferring to any male alive. She moved unconscious of self, but from deeps within glowed forth a wordless sweet pride in the glory of womanhood. It was she, not they, who could save that baby.

You can guess that the winter's cold could not keep Tolley's Ledgers indoors after the delays began to bring in word of the procession on the trail. And indeed it was a wonderful hour for the little Ledge; there was something sublime about that mother on the sled, so gentle and proud and kind, as she gave and got greetings in that uplifted hour; quiet everyone was, hushed, except that the two Chinamen set up a strange oriental ki-ying. She made George Horne keep out of the way, hide himself, while she, her baby in her arms now, walked up to a door the watchful Mrs. Simmons flung wide at her approach.

So all our poor girl and boy knew at first was that a squaw angel mother, all radiant with the light that has kindled all the kindness in the world, stood before them with a little baby in her arms.

THERE is not much more to tell: yet I have still to announce the peace wrought by the little starveling King of the Ledge; the Ledge's real Christmas that year was, not on the 25th of December, nor yet when he was born, but when, after his deadly peril, his salvation fair swamped the place in peace and good will.

That night there was long talk between the two men while the happy women and the contented babies slept. This is no place for George Horne's history: it does not matter what that was; he was George Horne, or if that be scarcely a legal fact—why God bless the alias he had made dear to his fellow men! Here are the words on which midnight ended that long communion:

"So you see," said George Horne, "I have side-stepped the game—I never had any real ambition, I suppose, or I'd have found some way—but it cut to have you—I knew to the dots on the I's how you felt about me."

Young Carter groaned before he made one more final essay at the inexpressible: "Man, that young ass—I've lived a lifetime since then. Let's go to bed. Stacked up against you I may be poor stuff, but my boy—" for an instant he had to set his teeth hard and take a new start—"Say, my boy's name's just George Horne."

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In next week's COLLIER'S we shall publish "The Hospital Ticket," by James William Fitzpatrick—another prize story.

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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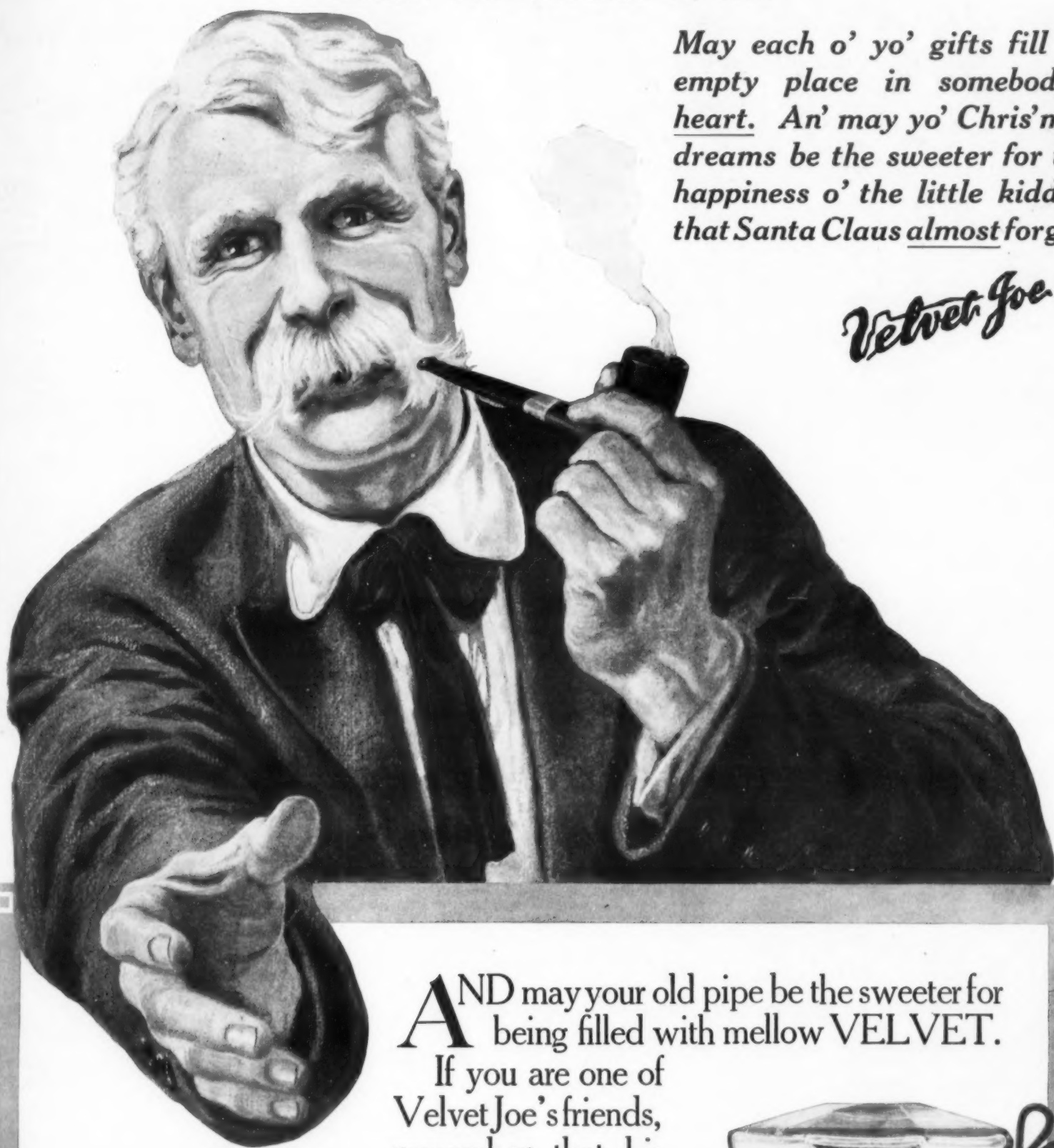
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AND may your old pipe be the sweeter for being filled with mellow VELVET.

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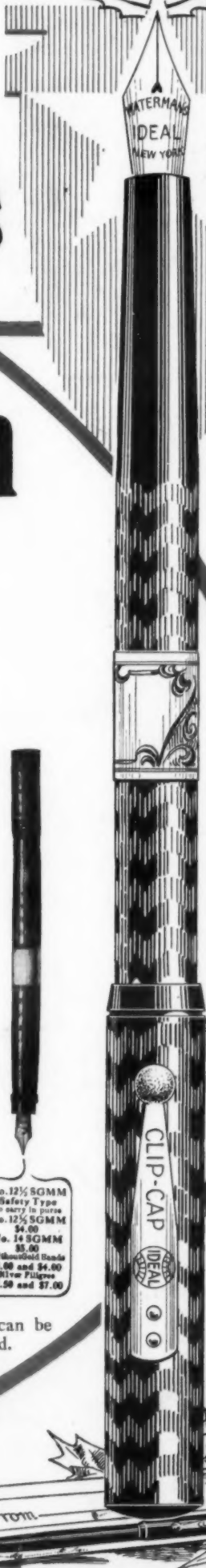




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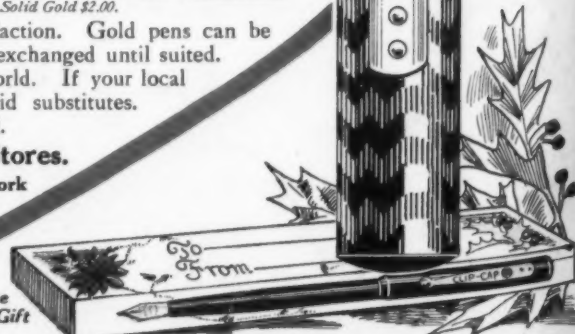
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